THE FINAL TOUGH

M.N.A.S. 1921

Digitized by the Internet Archive in 2016 with funding from Boston Public Library

Treron l'ain 10





BEN WYMAN

LAPIDARY

PEARLS AND STONES OF ALL KINDS FOR ARTS AND CRAFTS WORKERS

373 WASHINGTON STREET BOSTON, MASS.

Telephone Fort Hill 3973

NORMAL ART GRADUATES

are among the most enthusiastic friends of

THE SCHOOL ARTS MAGAZINE

Because the magazine has been such a constant source of help to them.

The magazine is published for those having to do with Drawing
Industrial and Fine Arts, particularly for those who teach

THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER

will contain sixty four pages of illustrated ideas on

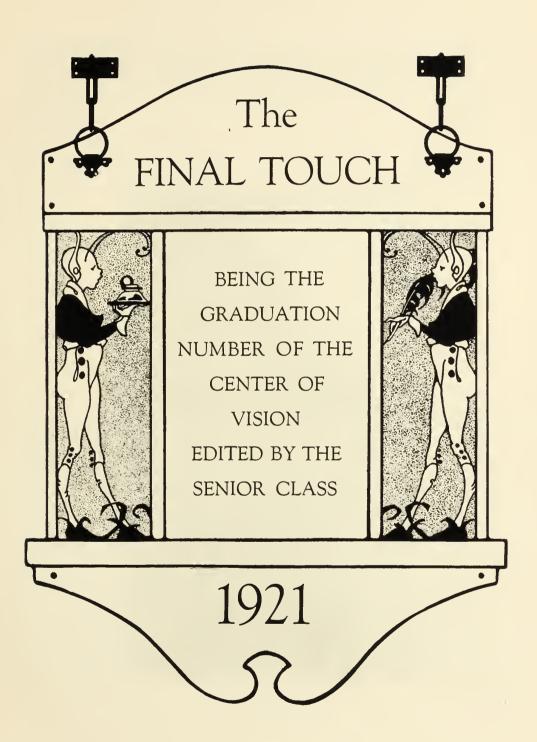
COMMERCIAL ART

This subject is in great demand and this material can be found nowhere else

Subsciption \$3.00 per year Write and a sample copy will be forwaded to your summer address.

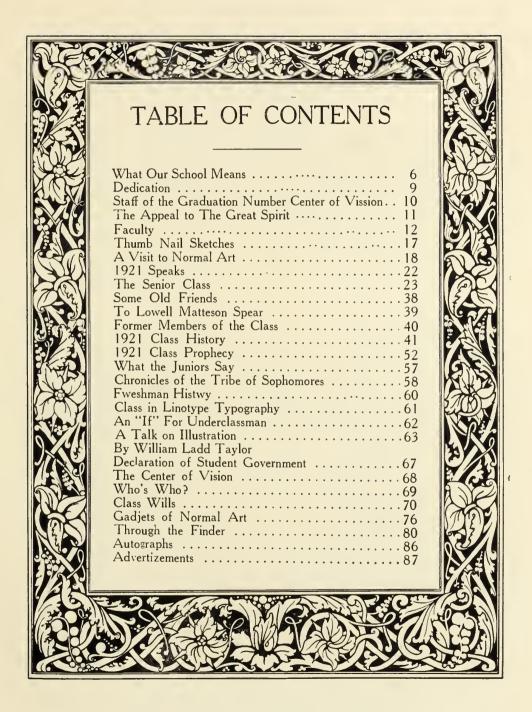
THE SCHOOL ARTS MAGAZINE

THE DAVIS PRESS, PUBLISHERS WORCESTER, MASS.





OUR ALMA MATER



WHAT OUR SCHOOL MEANS TO US

It is quite probable that many people imagine that Art, real Art, must be the work and the expression of temperament alone. Probably most of our class on entering the School held some such idea. Like a large percentage of the people we meet and have met, we may have held that the common sense and judgment necessary in other walks of life was something that did not have to be applied to this work. Doubtless we assumed that somehow the artist was a person apart from the rank and file, that his efforts were the result of impulsive inspiration, that sound fundamental training might not be so necessary for performance, and that the great thing was to be personally adjusted toward and receptive to the lightning strokes of genius largely responsible for the creation of the master-piece.

That we held this impression upon entering the School is only to say that it is as general as it is erroneous. That we have changed our point of view as our years in the School have passed by is a simple statement of what the institution has done for us in leading the members of our class to feel that the foundation of art expression rests upon fundamental training in sound principles of expression, on depth of character behind artistic vision, and upon the accumulation of a wealth of experience without which the lightning stroke of genius seldom occurs. We have learned a part of the lesson, at least concerning what our School means in professional and vocational life.

On the day when we first sat as newcomers in the organization of the School we were told some of the ideals upon which this mother School sends out its sons and daughters. It was brought close home to us in those war clouded days that the ideals of draftsmanship, without which no fabric of art education could stand, were for us those of the Allies and not the enemy. We saw that boasted efficiency in art as well as in national organization had to stand the test of the highest ideals and that it was well that Massachusetts Normal Art School methods were founded on the fundamental experiences of France rather than upon the borrowed ideals of commercialized exploitation. On that day too we felt the sturdiness of the descent of our instructors' methods from the strongest of historic sources. We recognized, although perhaps but dimly then, what it meant to be privileged to work under a faculty in which were preserved the great fundamental simplicities of tried and proven methods of the best historic periods and to be able to trace our artistic family tree back to the soundness of color expression in the best of European schools. We saw where American teachers, searching into the methods of these great men had pointed out their procedure in terms so clearly understood that the results were finding expression every day in our studios and class rooms. We felt the touch of our instructor group with the masters of French draftsmanship and we were to be led as our work progressed in methods which preserved in most singular and inspiring fashion the best traditions of our sister republic across the sea.

We have learned as our work has gone on that a beautiful thing can only be beautiful because of its perfection and simplicity. We have tried to grow through four years of constant attempt to perfect our draftsmanship, and we have been led, as few bodies of students, to clear thinking and the simplification of our work. We trust as our work goes on and we go out into the world that we will constantly grow in experiences so that our expression of inspirational thought may be convincingly offered in whatever medium we may work. We have learned that art is not a puzzle, nor the expression of temperament alone. Rather have we found it a representation of beautiful truth, and that those who go out from its shrine must be prepared thoroughly and understandingly if they are to be accepted as its interpreters.

As we have gone on in our work we have realized in larger measure the place that our School holds in professional and vocational life. We have seen those who hold important posts in art education come back to their former studios and classrooms, and we have realized from what they have told us of their experiences how large a place the institution holds in such professional promotion. We have seen those who have been upper class men while we have been here go out as specialists in the art-using industries and we know how influential the School has been in such vocational fields. We know that the students of the Massachusetts Normal Art School are trained to give freely of their inspiration to their fellow men and interpret art to them in the classroom and the workshop in order that more people may see beauty in daily life and live happier for being able to appreciate it in the every-day occurrences. To attempt to bring beauty into the lives of a people is a worthy goal and toward this objective our School keeps its course straight.

Clear thinking, facility and perfection of draftsmanship, simplicity and truth of expression, these are our foundations toward inspiration and achievement in the years that are to come. Instruction cannot guarantee the proficient mind, nor can it provide the temperament or constant inspiration. It can at best provide the good and proper soil in which the human plant can grow in art. It can offer the sun of inspiration and the rain of constructive helpful guidance. It can patiently await the day of ripened fruit, and its harvest time will bring the joy of sincerity of accomplishment. This is what our School has done for us, and we who this year go out from its door to find our place in the world's work do so in gratitude for the training we have received and in the hope that we may be found worthy as one more class to attest to the soundness of the instruction we have received.

Lucy Rogers.



The class of 1921 dedicates this volume to

GEORGE H. BARTLETT

Principal Emeritus of the Massachusetts Normal Art School

In recognition of his high ideals, clearness of vision and singleness of purpose, which during many years of the school's growth, have shaped its course along the broadest and noblest lines of study and achievement.

STAFF OF THE GRADUATION NUMBER, CENTER OF VISION

Editor-in-Chief and Business Manager, Lucy F. Rogers.

Assistant Editors

Art—Marjorie Chellis.

Literary—Rose Keefe.

Advertising Manager, RALPH GREENLEAF.

Assistant Managers

GRACE BONNER,

WILLIAM DEE.

Associate Editors

MURIEL L. TRUE,

MARIAN A. BRUCE,

RUTH H. DEAL,

DOROTHY C. CUTTING,

LURLINE O. RIPLEY.

ETHEL H. BARRY,

VIVIAN HAYES,

ELEANOR MADSEN.

FOREWORD

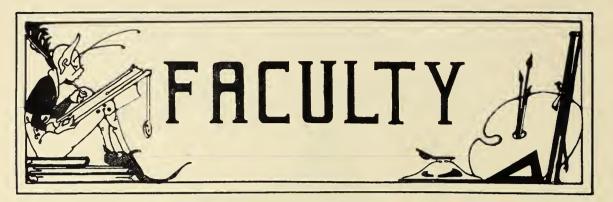
With meek and thankful hearts the editors drop their pens, rise from their swivel chairs and pass their completed efforts over to the Seniors and the student body. They have tried to make this little "Final Touch" worthy of the eyes of their contemporaries, knowing that with them lies the verdict, the final issue. But before they pronounce judgment, the editors earnestly wish said contemporaries to consider and think on these things:—

They have done their best with what they had of money assured, of time at their disposal, and encouragement to spur them on. By the excellence of a year book shall ye know of the support it has received. The editors think that it isn't as bad as it might have been—and they wish to fervently thank those members of the regular Centre of Vision Staff and all other generous souls whose help was indispensable to the cause. Especially do they give a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Charles Mason for his constant help and advice, which has meant much to the book and the class. The Editors make their bow and retire.



APPEAL TO THE GREAT SPIRIT

By Cyrus E. Dallin



FACULTY LIST

JAMES FREDERICK HOPKINS—Director Lecturer on History of Art

RICHARD ANDREW. Instructor in charge of Graphic Arts Department. A man who lived up to his name, an' drew an' drew an' drew.

ETHEL G. BARTLETT. Values (Charcoal) Light and Shade. Always ready to lend a helping hand.

DANIEL O. BREWSTER. Instructor in Elementary Design. He does much—and diffuses a taste for Art among the people.

THERON IRVING CAIN. Instructor in Perspective Theory. His natural disposition is ardent and active.

HELEN E. CLEAVES Lecturer on Supervision. Everyone enjoys her talks and teas as well as her lectures.

CYRUS E. DALLIN. Instructor in charge of Modeling Department. By Characteristic modesty he does not seem to realize his greatness.

ISABELLA T. DAMRELL. Secretary to the Director and Instructor in Business English. She is possessed of good sense and sound judgment.

ENID M. ENGEL. Instructor in Costume Illustration. A pleasing sight, and talented too.

MARTHA M. FLINT. Costume Drafting and Proving Practise. Always a willing advisor and good friend.







VESPER L. GEORGE. Instructor in charge of Applied Design. A man, who makes life interesting; who glories in dreams, and understands human-nature.

EDWARD W. D. HAMILTON. Composition. Antique Figure. He wins the respect and esteem of all.

ANNA M. HATHAWAY. Intermediate Design. There is a tenderness and grace about her.

ALBERT S. KENDALL. Instructor in charge of Architectural Drafting. He delights in his work, and builds character as well as ideas.

ERNEST L. MAJOR Still Life. Values in oil. Temperament is a part of genius.

LAURIN H. MARTIN. Applied Design in Metal Work and Jewelry. Oh, the ease with which he does difficult things!

CHARLES H. MASON. Instructor in charge of Linotype Department. His hands are scarred with toiling for others.

RAYMOND PORTER. Modeling and Casting. He seems to have a magical touch.

ARTHUR RAY. Instructor in charge of Mechanical Drafting. His mind was mechanical: he loves to contrive, to invent, to instruct.

EDNA A. TREMAINE. Graphic Arts Department. A little lady with much ability.

The Final Touch

MRS. EFFIE B. WHITTET. Preceptress. The most entangled and complicated matters fall into harmony in her hands.

AMY RACHEL WHITTIER. Instructor in charge of Public School Department. A remarkable woman of fine temperament and great force of character.

FREDERICK M. WILDER. Instructor in charge of Wood-working Department. Whatever work he executed he threw a soul and a meaning into it.

ASSISTANT INSTRUCTORS

JOHN E. ALCOTT—Perspective Theory.

Doris Holt—Pen Technique.

CARLETON E. REID—Applied Design.



ANSON KENT CROSS.
Teacher of perspective from 1883 to 1921



MR. KENDALL

THUMB NAIL SKETCHES



MR. MAJOR AND "JIMMIE WHISTLER"



A MUTUAL FRIEND



A "FORTUNATE SKETCH"



JUST BACK FROM ABROAD

A VISIT TO NORMAL ART

To Most Right Honorable Maker of Edition:-

I have not dare seize fountain pencil to exude unusual addle of brain in this head up to this hour. Now I feel not so sinking in interior of person, so may expurgate anecdote seen in your honorable school. I still much frighten in stomach at remembration of experiments.

I enter school in front, then sideways, after that back up and find me in room called by blue smoked maiden as exterior office. I gaze with face wide apart at beautifical labors of art on all walls, while maiden get pointer—no, Director were what she say as I think now. He approach—I bow lowly. He grin greatly under moustache and say, "What I do for you, laddie?"

"I reticently beg to have permit to see over honorable natural Artist School," I requisition.

"Very good," he retaliate, "I get green smock guide, if I may use term, for you."

"That term not apply here," I parley, askingly, but he have left to unearth guide.

Thus I start to peer thru school with other young maiden, now green. On right I see many student bending burdensomely over tall tables that run down hill. I debate hesitating.

"That mechanical drafting teacher," she say as tall worried looked man weave fro and to beside inmates pointing. Maiden she open door inwards. I advance quakingly and receive introducement. I bow solicitously. He swallow. "Well—well! well—well!—what's this?" he cogitate intermittently.

I refuse answer because of paralytic tonque and exit backwardly.

"His smile jolly, but desire hard labor," say green maiden. I refuse speech absently.

Next we go to darksome hall with boat in middle. Many green son and daughter on outskirts of boat looking thru small window on above said boat. I not have decision concerning craziness. Then I see young man with tall forehead. He fold hands in front and grin sweetly. Too much sweet. I look again at scenery outside about me, and suspicion lodge within skull.

Dark haired man with glasses propell self from inward door of dark hall. I seize maiden and direct gaze.

"That Mr. Wilder," she extricate. I disbelieve.

"He look like kind heart for big man. Other ones here more wilder!" I assert convincingly.

We now pass dusty old work shop. Two work people there. One look shyly up outward from above glasses while other big man talk convincingly by making balls with hands and press air with thumb. "You extricate self in here?" request young Eve. I ruminate reflectingly but see row of heads hanging with no life. I receive more confirmation of wild suspicion. I retreat upward followed by guide. I enter other room and again retreat backward in haste. Guide puzzled.

"This bluebeard room, too?" I demand with sheet-like facial coloring. Sweet face lady come forth assuringly.

"You come to gaze on block head class?" she request to know with head on one side smilingly. I almost enter but feel for neck and wildly retire.

When green smock catch up with me I have almost reached door of loud noise room. I get glimpse of within and allow self to be led away. I have one idea now within dome, and that exit from this crazy place; but maiden lose my sense of direction for me and I follow after. We appear in beautifully decorated room with pictures all over. Eyeglassed young man step up with clasped hands.

"What I do for you," he request politely expressing talk somewhat thru nose.

"We peek in school over," fling back my interloper.

"This way, please," say young fellow. He pick up picture.

"This one perfect stunner, this one corking in exquisite finish." I nod unknowingly what is meant.

"This one I throw up on larger paper." I receive shock as we send steps toward outside. "That harsh treatment." I apologize blushingly to maiden. She look blank.

We stop at other door and peer thru glass.

"We must refuse to enter," say Green One in stage whisper. "There is lecture by George in there."

I peek again twice. Artistic looking man talk earnestly with hands, face and self besides lips. I remember others in building do likewise and not amazed. Many persons of youth in Quaker like smocks and others sit hypnotically gazing. Peacock sit on box also with stony stare and much stuffed.

"Do that man lure many poor stude every year like that?" I make talk pitifully.

"Remarkably for sure," she parley with no pity in least.

"Honorable George frown on entries after lecture get under going," she explain sorrowfully.

"More good," I snigger. "I desire not to cause crossness of no inmate in this asylum." I report grandly and leave for door.

As we direct shoes toward stairs I glance into room where pretty girl talks interestingly with others.

"That is teacher of how to decorate exteriorly," explain girl guide.

"She beside?" I mourn with cracked heart. "Impossible she affected also!" I go upstairs with heart left behind.

We listen at door which is bolted.

"Only way to get it, isn't it?" say manly bass voice with hesitation now and then.

"Getting handsomer not?"

I long to go within to see accumulation of handsomeness. We continue to lend ears.

"Cut out masses," I hear said. "Her head and feet are entirely off. You must separate bone from flesh on long line. Cut off whole arm and push nose forward. Improved, isn't it?"

"Ancestral shadows," roar I in whisper, "is this torture chamber?"

"Life Room," she gulp sardonically. I gallop madly to door six feet off down hall and am about to precipitate self thru when female's voice floats forth in torrent.

"Block it in! Sharpen charcoal to wavering knife edge and cut out masses. Take that head off and start over again on other side. Block it out!"

"If she teach horrors like that," I expectorate with spine freeze up and down in turns. "How she come forth yet alive?" I listen exhuberantly for answer with eyes popped. Green one laugh.

"Inmates too paralytic with fear." She shudder convincingly.

We enter big hall, I still glancing over backwards at murmurs. Man in front lectures with hands, face and self, as usual, to mob of three victims. Pieces of board in front have crazy color and crazy shape on. I shake head knowingly.

"Come Sunnymong?" request man waving hands near chest? I advance, but advise that not my appelation. He take off small windows from bridge of nose and scratch head. Returns glass windows to face and looks at crazy piece of board.

"Your gesture are wooden and your face a horror!" he hiss with chin protruding. I look in wrath at him.

"It best face I got," I vituperate proudly and stalk forth from room.

We now meet sweet lady with grey hair.

"That most unfortunate," she soothe nicely.

I feel better for just to see her and think place not perhaps so crazy as formerly. Then other right honorable genial lady approaches, smiling at corner of mouth and eyes and with brisk step. I wish to tell her my suspicion trouble to once but feel retiring and cease.

"She Whittier," say Green One.

"I think she look it," I conciliate believingly.

We stand on landing and thru door I see blue smocks around table eating and talking to lady.

"They feed here?" I say askingly.

"True," reinform interpolater. "That is tea for Miss Cleaves, lecturer on superprevention."

I again feel school not quite right 'cause Japanese tea never dark red.

We journey again down dark hall by torture rooms and up metal stairs. Enter what I grasp for junk shop. Many ladies petticoat on wall behind red

pepper and glass jugs. Again are victims talked at by gesticulating overseer.

"Make punishment fit wrong-doing," he sing-song. He pull girl smock near off and finally get her ten feet from canvas.

"Paint it from here," he exasperate.

"Don't eat group with nose. What breakfast food you eat huh?" he request another.

I decide that too intimate topic of conversing and frown reproving.

"Turn a handspring," he rage "Drink a water. Out damn spot." (I close ears shockingly and edge toward door.)

"Why make Homer look like Ash can!" he glare. He tear what hair he capture on head and stamp round looking heavenward. I decide that nearer roof we get, worse they are.

"Go get another eye! take the air!" he bellow. I decide cool air is outside and rush to take same. Green guide grab coat tails and haul my person back.

"This is Miss Flint room." I take good look and shriek at sight of bodies standing without head on neck. I realize in wave that this is body store-room for heads in first floor work room. I tear away leave coat tails behind. With rushing down three flight of stairway and trips down other rest of them, I land on ground floor; and under that I dash thru dark holes and bump on green boxes set upright with clanging, I fly half way in other underground torture chamber. Harmless looking man is pounding life out of unseen object.

"I receive idea," I hear him expatiate but rush back imagining all things. I find hall of entrance and see outer lightness, when pleasent but firm face confronts me standing.

"How you wander in this place without knowing me?" she question drasticly. "I know sufficient and wish to exit hastily," I inform histonically. She gaze with no words thinkingly for instant.

"No outsider wanders thru building unattached," she informingly snuggest.

"Outsider desiring life wouldn't!" I ejaculate pertly and dash past out door. Sound of gong gives new impetus to my body and I land up sideway on pavement. After counting stars I rise and meander curvingly down street.

Until now my fingertips contain to much shiver to use pen. Recently I become less like shimmy expert and think more straight. I have decision that your school is dippy place within four walls. My suspicion are based on evidence of circumstantiality and with all honorable respect to school I deduct that school may be harmless but not quite right inside skull.

Hoping your are same, I decide to remain,

STUDE DARTA.

Mr. Andrew to Students—Until the examination begins, I should advise you all to go off somewhere in a corner and look over your anatomy.

1921 SPEAKS

They'll have the same old peg-board When our years at school are done, But no more will come a-"pegging in" The class of Twenty-one; And it won't be quite so simple Keeping tabs upon a friend On that other larger peg-board To which we transfer at the end. We'll wonder what they're doing, Have they met success or strife? Is this one still as serious? This one still laugh on life? We'd like to scan the peg-board, Find they'd come to school today And greet them, just in passing, In that careless Art School way; But we know that Time and Circumstance Prevent a friendly greeting, So we'll trust the pages of this book To bring about a meeting. And here you'll find them, every one, The clever, grave and gay, By magic come to look at you In the old familiar way. And as you view each pictured face It seems to bring them near, So just take a mental roll-call And each one will answer "Here!"





VIRGINIA ALLEN GRILLEY, Class Pres.

"Virgah" "Shrimp"

87 Coolidge St., Brookline, Mass.

Brookline High School

35% Popularity 40% Worry

20% Cleverness 05% Size

00% Speed

Applied Design, 4381



LURLINE OLIVE RIPLEY, Class Vice Pres.

"Rip"

Jordan Ave., Wakefield, Mass.

Wakefield High School

50% Ability 10% Understanding
35% Real "pal" 05% Fiji-hair

Costume Design, 4416



"Lil Athel"

21 Damon St., Danvers, Mass.
Holten High School, Danvers
30% Sincerity
05% Tease
10% Dislike of being
called sweet
20% Responsibility

General Illustration, No. 4348



RALPH GREENLEAF, Class Treasurer
"Wass" "Axel"

11 South St., Woburn, Mass.
Woburn High School

40% Good natured 20% Bright
30% Sincere 10% Bashful
Constructive School Arts, 4380





JESSIE ELLEN ALISON "Jellie" "Jess" 1661 Beacon St., Brookline, Mass. Brookline High School 40% Sphinx 24% Good looks 20% Absence 16% Charm Costume Design, 4346



ESTHER ALTHEA APPLETON
69 Munroe St., Roxbury, Mass.
Roxbury High School
50% Quietness 25% Dependability
25% Common sense
Elementary School Arts, 4347



DOROTHY MAY BARTLETT

"Susie" "Tish" "Dot"

230 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.
Girls' Latin School, Boston

30% "Susie" 30% Talent

25% Indifference 15% "Uh-huh"
Applied Design, 4349



GRACE MARGARET BONNER
"Bunny"

53 South Emerson St., New Bedford, Mass.
New Bedford High School

40% Charts
20% Dance
15% Wit
10% "You must come 25% Pep
ova"
Applied Design, 4354





MARION ALLEY BRUCE
"Mab" "Goof"

56 Valley Road, Nahant, Mass.
Lynn Classical High School

30% Phil
10% Sentimentality
20% Adaptability
25% Snappy stories
15% Clever
Applied Design, 4356



ELEANOR LEWIS BUCKLEY
49 Stanton St., Dorchester, Mass.
Dorchester High School
35% Quietness
25% Modesty
40% Love of dancing
High School Arts, 4357



MILDRED TURNER BUCKNAM "Mid"

324 Faneuil St., Faneuil, Mass.
Newton Technical High School
40% Sympathetic 30% Thoughtful
20% Spontaneous 10% Information
combustion Bureau
Costume Design, 4358



ELIZABETH COE BUFFUM
"Biffy" "Betty"
1545 Beacon St., Waban, Mass.
Newton High School
62% Hilarity 22% Philosophy
15% Faculty kidding 01% Size
Costume Design, 4359





JEAN CAMERON
Lowell, Mass.
Lowell High School
25% Enthusiasm 30% Deep stuff
40% Curiosity 05% "Country Air"
Costume Design, 4360



NORMA ELVIRA CASANO
149 Vine St., Everett, Mass.
Everett High School
60% Vampy eyes 20% Speech
10% Impulsiveness 10% Perversity
Applied Design, 4361



MARJORIE TERRY CHELLIS
"Marj" "Marjie"
6 Harvard St., Newtonville, Mass.
Newton High School
30% Attractive 15% Style
10% Eats 20% Dance
25% Ambition
Applied Design, 4362







DOROTHY CAROLINE CUTTING
"Dot" "Tish" "Susie"

1396 Commonwealth Ave., Allston, Mass.
Brighton High School
30% Clever 10% Wit
25% Sarcasm 20%"A-yr"
15% "Good-sport"

Applied Design, 4366



RUTH HELEN DEAL
"Rootie"
349 Norfolk St., Cambridge, Mass.
West Roxbury High School
25% Reserve 25% Good Fun
20% Sarcasm 15% Calmness
10% Temperament 05% Perversity
General Illustration, 4368



BERTHA DOLORES DION
"Bertie"

85 Broadway, Norwood, Mass.,
Norwood High School

25% Successful 25% Ability
20% Unobtrusiveness 30% Interesting
Modelling, 4369



ROSE LENORA DOBSON

"Rosie"

1003 Hyde Park Ave., Hyde Park, Mass.

Hyde Park High School

40% Capable 20% Likeable
20% Smile 20% Quiet

Applied Design, 4370





MARJORIE DODD "Marge" 1640 Columbia Rd, So. Boston, Mass. Practical Arts High School 15% Cheerful grin 25% "Dateability" 23% Eats 15% Executive ability 20% Dieting 20% Joke telling High School Arts, 4371



ELEANOR DURGIN
166 North St., Salem, Mass.
Salem High School
25% Curls
25% Quietness
10% Dartmouth Carnival
25% Sweetness
High School Arts, 4374



EDITH GUSTAVSON
157 River St., Mattapan, Mass.
Roxbury High School
25% Smile 50% Executive
25% Industry ability
Elementary School Arts with Handiwork, 4382



DOROTHY SWIFT HANDY
"Dot"
South Wareham, Mass.
Wareham High School
50% "Commutability" 25% Engagement
25% Subtle humor ring
Elementary School Arts, 4386





MARY LOUISE HARTIGAN
12 Linden St., South Boston, Mass.
South Boston High School
60% Late 10% Sympathetic
20% N.Y. 10% Talkative
Applied Design, 4387



VIVIAN GERTRUDE HAYES

"Viv" "Moonshine"

24 Prospect St., Bradford, Mass.

Haverhill High School

25% Humorist

5% Desire for drink

10% Temperamental

top knot

25% Literary ability

General Illustration, No. 4388



ELIZABETH WHEELER HIGGINS
54 Falmouth St., Boston, Mass.
Girls' Latin School, Boston
30% Manuscripts 15% Brains
20% Self-assurance 15% Reserve
Applied Design, 4389



MARION CAMPBELL JOHNSON 558 Adams St., E. Milton, Mass. Milton High School 25% Commutability 25% Cheerfulness 50% Weariness Elementary School Arts, 4391





ROSE FRANCES KEEFE

"Roses" "Ros"

8 Mt. Vernon St., Dorchester, Mass.
Dorchester High School

40% Eyes
20% Lovableness
25% Debutante
Slouch
Applied Design 4392



SARA RUTH LEVY
124 Beacon St., Chelsea, Mass.
Chelsea High School
25% Curls
25% Executive
50% Lovableness
Elementary School Arts, 4395



RUTH EVELYN LITTLEFIELD

2 Paine St., Winthrop, Mass.
Practical Arts High School
25% Memories of 50% Cleverness at
Virginia sewing 'n'
25% Anticipation of everything
Wash. trip
Elementary School Arts with Handwork, 4396



THELMA ACHSAH LOVELL
"Dodugess"

44 Snow St., Fitchburg, Mass.
Fitchburg High School

60% In need of med- 30% Quiet
ical aid, al la 10% Calm
Tufts 20% Absentiveness
Applied Design, 4397





GLADYS FORD LYNCH "Glad"

11 E. Newton St., Boston, Mass.
Williams' High, Stockbridge
30% Receiver of telegrams and 45% Good nature grams and "specials" Elementary School Arts, 4399



ELEANORA CHRISTINA MADSEN "Steena" "Mannix" 25 Auburn St., Woburn, Mass. Woburn High School 25% Technique 20% Imagination 25% Modesty 15% Cutcness 5% Drawl 10% Jokiness General Illustration 4401



FRANCES AGNES McDONOUGH "Fran"

91 Bartlett Rd., Winthrop, Mass.
Winthrop High School
Wittiness 05% Virginia 25% Wittiness 05% Virginia
25% "Eats" specials
15% Executive 15% Love o' sports
ability 05% Commutability
the Handwork, 440 Elementary School Arts with Handwork, 4400



WINIFRED FRANCES NORTON "Win"

32 Southbourne Road, Forest Hills, Mass. West Roxbury High School 10% Generosity 25% In-and-out-of-45% Successful bluffer 20% Impulsiveness loveness Costume Design, 4406





MILDRED DORA PATTON
268 Washington Ave., Chelsea, Mass.
Chelsea High School
50% Grin
29% Talkativeness
20% Energy
01% Self-confidence
Applied Design, 4409



EVELYN KIMBALL PERLEY
"Poiley"

113 North Central Ave., Wollaston, Mass.
Quincy High School
25% Bookworm
25% Quietness
15% Absent on
Wednesday
25% Subtle humor
General Illustration, 4410



JESSIE WEST PHILLIPS

"J. W." "Jess"

15 Glines Ave., Milford, Mass.

Mendon High School

25% Leaving for 15% Desire to do

Seattle everything

25% Good-palness 15% Decidedness

10% S-s-s-sh!

General Illustration, 4411



MARION GLADYS PILLSBURY

"Glad"

Tewksbury, Mass.
Lowell High School

25% Grin
50% "What do I
10% Bluff
care?"

15% Flirtatiousness
Costume Design, 4413





LUCY FRIEND ROGERS
"Louis" "Skoocums" 243 Eastern Ave., Gloucester, Mass. Gloucester High School

20% Responsibility 10% Sarcasm 15% Spirits ½ of 1% Blankness 20% Sentimentality 04½% Bluff General Illustration, 4417



HILDA CHAPIN SCUDDER "Hil"

The Orchards, Sherborn, Mass. Miss Hall's School, Pittsfield, Mass. 25% Dignity 25% Talent 20% Seeking Advice 20% Laugh 10½ Wit

Modelling, 4436



MARY ROLINE STEWART "Maaree"

12 Tudor Terrace, Auburndale, Mass. Newton Technical High School 25% Nursing Ability 15% Happy-go-25% Enthusiasm

20% Sentimentality 10% Canoe luckiness General Illustration, 4424



LILLY HELEN SWANSON "Lil"

298 Westminister Hill Rd., Fitchburg, Mass. Fitchbu., High School 25% Energy 25% Conscientious

25% Energy 15% Forgetfulness ness 25% Love of mechani- 10% Special deliv-

cal drafting eries High School Arts, 4427





MURIEL LOUISE TRUE 23 Merrimack St., Penacook, N. H. Penacook High School

10% Sensitiveness 15% Eyes 25% Attractiveness 25% Social activities!!! 10% Stick-to-itive-15% Dancing ness Elementary School Arts, 4428



AGNES ELIZABETH VALINE Cohasset, Mass.

Cohasset High School 30% Appreciative 20% Loyal 30% Demure 20% Dependable Applied Design, 4429



EUNICE VOTAW 246 Bay State Rd., Boston, Mass. Lasell Seminary

10% Southern dia-10% Dignity 20% Hatred of melect

25% Sweetness 25% Quietness chanical drawing 10% Amiability

Elementary School Arts, 4709



HELEN MARTHA WASHBURN "Washy"

11 Farwell Place., Cambridge, Mass.
Girls' High School, Boston
5% Ability 10% Sensitiveness
20% Lack-of-stick-25% Ability 10% Vampishness 35% Frankness

to-it-iveness Constructive School Arts, 4431





"Witside"
33 Barrett St., Lynn, Mass.
Lynn English High School
25% Artistic temper- 20% Mandolin
ament 05% Ability to look 20% Songster pretty in snap-

shot

10% Actress 20% Fun

General Illustration, 4432



RAYMOND FRANKLIN BOWLEY "Ray"

49 Milton St., Hyde Park, Mass. Sweet, simple, 30% Originality and girlish 30% Clever 30% Sweet, simple, and girlish 10% Irresistibleness Costume Design Class, 4355



SARA RUTHENA PHIPPEN "Sally"

103 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge, Mass.
Somerville High School
40% Happy-go-lucky
15% "Sure"
30% Loquacity
15% Giggle Applied Design, 4412



JOHN KEENAN LYNAH "Johnnie"

Concord, Mass. Concord High School hound 25% Weariness 50% Jazz hound 25% Fascinator General Illustration, 4398





WILLIAM LEO DEE "Billy" 13 Bedford St., Concord, Mass. Concord High School 25% Caricature artist 25% Likeability and 50% Executive amiability ability High School Arts, 4279





LEO O'DONNELL "Titian" 55 Fellsway East, Malden, Mass. Malden High School 40% Length 30% Technical ability 25% Professional General Illustration, 4407





JOSEPH FREDERICK ROMLEY "Fred" Rindge Technical High School, Cambridge 25% Naivete 15% "I cannot sing 20% Application of Blondes 20% Susceptibility

20% Rough stuff General Illustration, 4418



WILFRED OTTO THONER "Bil"

43 Sedgwick St., Jamaica Plain, Mass.
English High School, Boston
25% Blackboard 10% Quietness
artist 40% Good scout
10% Wave 15% Laugh
Public School Arts, 4143



RUSSELL ERNEST LAWSON "Russ"

Cambridge, Mass.
Rindge Technical High School, Cambridge
25% Professional 10% Comedian
25% Artistic outline 15% Propensity for
25% Flirt being shocked
General Illustration, 4394

SOME OLD FRIENDS

This book would never be complete without a mention of some among us whose smiling faces have been an inspiration to us during our four years here. We don't care if they were assigned a place in last year's book, we want them to step up again and make another bow. Right this way—May we present.



Miss Barnes



Miss Paulson



Miss Dines



Miss Holt

also Charles Barnes, who was too modest to have his picture taken. These folks have made a happy four years still more so with their cheerful grins and everpresent help in time of trouble.

TO LOWELL MATTESON SPEAR



New Haven, Conn., Sept. 27, 1898

Laconia, N. H., May 31, 1919

Although he left us in cur Sophemore year, the memory of Lowell's happy and magnetic personality has remained with us throughout our course. We estimate his character as equal parts of optimism, idealism, courage and ability.

FORMER MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF 1921

It is to be expected that as a class progresses along the paths of knowledge, there will be those who digress or cease altogether. We were surprised, however. to find that so many of our companions at the start had left the happy herd for other fields. Here they are as far as we can find out, considering their widely scattered pathways of endeavor.

Hazel Bassett (4350) saw the light and left us to join the forces of the Edison

Beatrice Corthell (4365) is on the road to being a full-fledged nurse. She took courses at Simmons and is now finishing at the Mass. General Hospital. Seems to like it too, so who are we to wonder at her leaving one art for another.

Irene Greenleaf (4379) forsook art for music and teaches how to play the piano. She was engaged when she left us, so we may soon expect to see her

among the brides of the class.

Speaking of brides brings to our minds Stella Froom Emery (4377). You've got to have that number there even tho' married, Stella. This popular member of our class felt the lure of Cuba and so you must address her there.

We also think of Louise Eldredge (4376), who is now Mrs. Frances Gilbert.

We hated to lose her.

Others in the class who have been married are: Alice Smith (4421), Madeline Beane (4352), Kathryn Clapp (4354), Hazel N. Landon (4393), and Agnes Newsome (4405), whose baby girl is the cutest ever we've seen.

Minnette Shain (4420) is true to her violin. We all remember how she

could make it speak.

George Holden (4390) has succumbed entirely, we believe, to the charms of

the cornet and toots contentedly while others trip the light fantastic.

Bessie Doogue (4372) has gone into finance. She works at the Second Nat'l Bank, but still keeps one hand on art and successfully too.

Ruth Eaton (4375) went to Business College. We suppose she pounds the

typewriter expertly by now.

Ruth Hagland (4384) is working at mechanical drawing and so is Eunice Randall (4415). Eunice is the only girl in her drafting office and keeps right on beating the men at their own game.

Martha Moberg (4404) is a success at Arts and Crafts. We hear that she

has done some exquisite work. Good luck to her.

Dana Vaughan (4430) has been teaching in a private school in Penn. He is

going abroad this summer. Some folks are lucky!

Then there are Frank O. Dudley (4373), Elizabeth Haggett (4383), Clarence Hall (4385), Antoinette Misite (4403), Robert O'Niel (4408), Frank Pulsifer (4414), Saul Steinberg (4423), George Sullivan (4425) and Paul Sullivan (4426) and Doris Wilder (4433). We aren't sure of what they're doing, but we sure would be glad to see them and find out.

Alice Michael (4402) beat the rest of us to it and graduated last year, and Caroline Baumgarten (4351) and Elizabeth Will (4434) are taking another year in the old school. We almost wish we were with them, for we hate to leave, ourselves. However, we must go, so we wish them good luck as we make our exit.

Mr. Egotistic—I heard a story the other night that made me start. Miss Muchbored—I wish I knew it.



LOOKING BACKWARD

Some of us weakly admitted it. Some of us of sterner poise scornfully denied it, but one who claims to know does herewith decidedly aver that we were all, without exception, opinions to the contrary notwithstanding, suffering from cold feet on that morning in September in 1917 when the members of the illustrious class of 1921 assembled in the hall to take their entrance examinations. We repeat, all our feet were cold; we'll go further and affirm that a few pairs were actually frost-bitten, and as a climax we'll observe that some of them remained in that state during the entire Freshman year. Mr. Major noticed it. Almost instantly he complained of the "cold feet-o" aspect of our painting.

But to get back to that examination. We were divided into three groups, each group being assigned to a separate studio, and then the ordeal began. The examination consisted of three problems in drawing. I remember there was a plaster cast of some wildly writhing and twisting stems and leaves. Every time you counted the shaded valleys between the snake-like ridges of plaster you got a different number. After about ten minutes devoted to mental arithmetic I concluded that the "first big impression" was what was required and proceeded to render it with a care-free facility delightful to experience. Next we were required to make an original design. Those sitting in my vicinity made some charming little sketches, all of a highly conventional nature. Mine, I determined, should be different. It was. It was not conventional, it lacked character—but it reeked with originality. Then there was a weird problem in perspective—an outline drawing of a square pasteboard box. This was accomplished only after a terrific struggle. Then with nerves and dispositions shattered, we were permitted to depart to our respective homes, where in due time most of us received the advice that our efforts had convinced the judges of our artistic power.

The Freshman at M. N. A. S. occupies a unique position, as we discovered the first day of school. In fact, we learned that a Freshman is not a Freshman

until he has been smocked, and that he cannot be smocked until "Smock Day," and that Smock Day, a mysterious occasion, the significance of which seemed always to elude our understanding, would not come until some three or four weeks later. Not in words, but in a hundred insidious ways, intangible, yet maddening, the upper classmen, particularly the Sophomores, contrived to give us the impression that a smockless Freshman was their idea of nothing at all.

One of the high lights on the generally bright aspect of the first day was the purchasing of materials. Oh the trusting naivete with which we let it be known that we were Freshmen and that we had five dollars to spend. We haggled not, we questioned not, we simply bought and bought and bought. Yes, without conceit do I say it, they liked to see us coming, in those days.

Only a student who has come to Normal Art School with a yearning to draw Harrison Fisher heads can understand the emotions resulting from an afternoon in Mr. Ray's class. It's a queer thing about Mechanical Drafting. You either like it or you don't. For reasons best known to myself, I refrain from any attempt to describe the feelings of one who likes the subject, and I dare not describe the state of mind of one who does not. Although anything savoring of a sociable informality was prohibited in Mr. Ray's room, in some ways it was the liveliest class of the year. Lightning was a paralytic snail to the way we worked out problems. I remember dropping my T-square once at the beginning of a little brain-agitator entitled "The Block Letter E." By the time I had grabbed the instrument from the floor Mr. Ray and the class had completed block letters of the entire alphabet.

Only during two periods a week when we drew from the costumed model were the members of the entire Freshman class together. Here we were initiated into the mysteries of primary mass. We sat in a large circle about the model stand while Miss Tremaine made a weary pilgrimage around the hall, saying alternately "Block it out in straight lines" and "That sort of a line will never get you anywhere!" Later on our instructor herded off the sheep from the goats. The sheep, who drew with a shade less eccentricity than the goats, were put into Room 34, while the goats remained in the hall. Occasionally a goat, impelled by curiosity, insinuated himself unobtrusively into the abode of the sheep, usually coming back of his own accord to the more informal gathering place of the goats. As Raymond Bowley complacently remarked upon one occasion to a visiting upper classman, "All the originality in the class is in here!"

Smock Day came the last Friday in October. Our Sophomores instructed us what to wear and we went them several better. We achieved the distinction of being pronounced by Mr. Hopkins and Mrs. Blake "the best sports yet." We certainly strove to act as Peter Pan-ish as we felt. Only Leo O'Donnell in a suit of knickers and Buster Brown collar, with a baloon floating from a string over his shoulder, offered a mournful protest against circumstances over which he had no control. On a placard across his back was inscribed, "You made me what

I am today—I hope you're satisfied." After a hilarious session, during which the Sophomores exercised to the fullest their traditional Smock Day perogatives, we marched to the hall to the tune of Freshman Green, and at the conclusion of an amusing entertainment given by the upper class students assisted by a few choice spirits from our own number, we were smocked and promoted to the full indignity of Freshmen.

In November the Seniors, according to custom, tendered a reception to the Freshmen. A very entertaining playlet entitled "The Soldier's Dream" was enacted by some of the members of the Senior class. Various games were played and dancing enjoyed. We were formally presented to the faculty, many of whom we discovered had already become acquainted with some of our idiosyncrasies. For example, Mr. Ray, although he strove to be cordially impartial, infused two widely varying inflections into his greetings, one for the student who made arrow-heads according to Ludwig Frank, and one for the pupil who displayed individuality.

On the Friday before Christmas, the Freshman spread was held in the lunchroom. Mr. Shelton still speaks in reverent tones of the quality and quantity of the refreshments.

A feature of the Christmas season was the presentation by the students of a Miracle Play of the Nativity, written by Mr. Daniel O. Brewster of the faculty. The production received great praise for its beautiful scenic effects and artistic costumes and besides being presented on the school stage was given at Bridgewater Normal School. Many from the Freshman class participated, in fact most of the angels evolved from our ranks.

In February we decided upon our various courses. Mr. Hopkins outlined the possibilities, responsibilities and drawbacks attendant on each one, and we made our choice, feeling that life was pretty much of a gamble anyway.

Those electing to take the Graphic Arts and Design courses were introduced forthwith to Mr. Major, a man of almost uncanny perspicacity. One glance at us as we painted was sufficient to give him a thorough knowledge of our mental, moral, physical and artistic qualities. He even hinted that he could tell by our painting just what we were thinking of when we painted it. To our knowledge he never actually made good that boast, yet many times since, when we have come suddenly upon some choice bits which we executed in his class we have wondered uneasily if his gifts of divination did go that far, and if so, what he supposed the thoughts to be that could produce results like those.

Directly after midyears we elected our class officers, Lowell Speare, president; Dorothy Bartlett, vice-president; Elizabeth Buffum, secretary, and Raymond Bowley, treasurer.

Early in the spring, several of the boys enlisted, including Lowell Speare, Russell Lawson, George Holden and John Lynah.

The record of our Freshman year would not be complete without some

allusion to our struggles in perspective, and to the mellowing effect which June had upon our instructor, Mr. Cross. Although scathing were his criticisms of our perspective sketches, dire his threats as to the fate, mysterious yet awful, which awaited us at the close of the year, and pessimistic his predictions concerning our future prospects, the way in which he labored with us and for us during those last frenzied days in June are still spoken of with deep gratitude



THE MIRACLE PLAY

by those who had the most occasion to fear his vengeance. The teacher who had often warned us with pride that he was proof against April showers in June, was, it developed, too commiserating to even provoke the showers.

So short seemed our vacation that we found it difficult to realize that the thread of school life had ever been broken. We had, however, gained the right to lay aside our vernal green and we now appeared in garb of sober brown, an



ARMISTICE DAY PARADE

evidence that we had put aside childish things and felt to the full the responsibilities of being Sophomores. We had come back, too, to an almost man-less school, and the sobering influence of the war could not fail to be felt. Our director wore the "Y" uniform, and had much of interest to tell us of his summer's work. Those boys who had not enlisted, owing to unkind circumstances, were scarcely in a state of mind to contribute much to the social life of the school, and with a seriousness beautiful to behold, we all settled down to work. The severity of the "Flu" epidemic was, however, destined to interrupt our close application to work and school was closed for three weeks. With the belated approach of Smock Day, however, our dormant social proclivities awoke. We yearned to do unto this Freshman class as another Sophomore class had done to us, long syne—only more so. As one of our number had darkly prophesied when she was a Freshman, "Giggle, giggle, little Soph! How I wonder why you scoff. Next year I'll be revenged, you bet—I'll make some other Freshman sweat!" The Freshmen were good sports and the entertainment which they furnished afterward in the hall is still spoken of with keen appreciation whenever the lighter side of school life is discussed. Just prior to this event our Sophomore officers had been elected, Hilda

The Final Touch

Scudder, president; Leo O'Donnell, vice-president; Lucy Rogers, secretary, and Muriel True, treasurer.

In November when all Boston Town turned out to celebrate the signing of the armistice, the students of M. N. A. S. joyously decided that a parade was the species of activity best calculated to express their exuberance. Within a very few minutes banners were manufactured, placards printed and smocks donned over our coats and we rushed into line. The teachers came too, and Mr. Hopkins laid



ARMISTICE DAY FLOAT

out the route and kept good marching order, while Fred Romley played with great rhythm and feeling upon an ash-can. I should like to assert that the brown smocks of the Sophomores were the cynosure of all eyes, but strict veracity compels me to concede that honor to the Freshmen. They flourished like exceedingly green bay trees. One man along the side lines called as they marched by, "What order's that?" and in all seriousness another shouted, "It's the Hibernians!"

The Christmas spread that year was held in Room 26. One student essayed to eat salad with a hat-pin without fatal results. A greatly enjoyed feature of our entertainment was a program of harp selections and readings by Virginia Grilley. After Christmas several of the boys returned and the class began to take on a familiar aspect once more.

By the untimely death of Lowell Speare, May 30, the class lost one of its best loved members. The void in our numbers caused by the absence of his vibrant and joyous personality has never been filled, nor have the students ever "closed up the ranks." In every gathering of the class where its members have put aside

for a time the sterner problems confronting them—upon occasions when laughter and good-fellowship come into their own, they accord him his place. For those who know the language of the merry heart cannot forget at such times the boy who spoke it passing well.

If the state of turmoil which prevailed in the city of Boston at the time when we entered onto our Junior year had been indicative of the character of our third term at school, our lives would have indeed been stormy enough. Greatly exaggerated reports of the strife had reached the ears of some of the parents and the office force was kept busy that first forenoon answering phone calls and giving assurance that it was perfectly safe for students to come into the city. Now the reign of the grav smock began. Only one more September reunion ahead of us! We shook our heads and smiled reminiscently, a trifle sadly, upon the gambols of the Freshmen and Sophomores. Once we too had been like that! Still, many of us now found that we were in classes with the Seniors, and they had, once upon a time, on a certain Smock Day been our Sophomores, so we ruefully gave up the attempt to be too dignified when we reflected upon that portion of our history. We knew what they knew about us! This year introduced many decided changes into our various courses. Now, indeed, it began to seem gratifyingly apparent that we were specializing along those lines which interested us most. The Public School class under the guidance of Miss Whittier and Miss Cleves were amassing a formidable amount of helpful hints for teachers and joyously journeying to Winchester to put their knowledge into practice. Now, at last, the Costume Illustration course came into its own and its members embarked forthwith upon a joyous campaign of cutting, basting, stitching and designing. They discoursed in terms of tunics, ruffles, Vogue and Vanity Fair, and soon came to be the recognized Fashion authorities of the school. The design class became complacent habitues of Mr. George's room, each acquiring a desk of his own, that fact alone being calculated to inspire dark envy in the hearts of the rest of the class. The Graphic Arts students now received instruction in life drawing from Mr. Andrew and in Composition from Mr. Hamilton. That both of these classes had a distinct effect upon the students was demonstrated early in the year by their increased power in drawing, designing and composing. The fact, also, that the Seniors now were in the same classes could not fail to serve as an incentive to the Juniors.

Shortly after the beginning of the term a distinct system of Student Government was adopted and put into effect. Members of the Sophomore, Junior and Senior classes were chosen alphabetically to fill certain offices each session. It was the duty of three Sophomores to take the attendance and another Sophomore was stationed in the office of a messenger. A Senior Officer of the Day presided over the office and attended to visitors and a Junior Officer compared the pegboard record with the roll-calls of the various classes, and answered the telephone.

Although tradition prevented our class from participating in the more strenuous practices of Smock Day, we were well represented in the entertainment, which took place afterward in the hall. An exceedingly clever little playlet was presented by Virginia Grilley, Marion Bruce, Winifred Norton, Rose Keefe, Grace Bonner, Stella Froom, Gladys Pillsbury and Jean Cameron.

Our Christmas spread was held in Miss Hathaway's room and at the conclusion the students were permitted to attend a dress rehearsal of the Christmas play entitled "The Quest of the Holy Grail." The costumes worn by members of the cast were designed and fashioned by members of the Costume Illustration course, under the supervision of Raymond Bowley, and received much praise because of their beauty and faithfulness of reproduction.

After the close of the Christmas vacation the members of the class immersed in the work of their respective courses. Our class officers had been elected as follows: Lucy Rogers, president; Virginia Grilley, vice-president; Lurline Ripley, secretary, and Lily Swanson, treasurer.

The Junior Dance was a decided success and was held at the Fritz-Carleton. Toward the close of the year a drive was put into effect by the members of the class to collect money to pay for a printing press to be presented to the school in memory of Lowell Speare. The full amount was not collected at the time the students disbanded for the summer vacation, but it was hoped that the remainder could be raised the next year.

At a meeting of the students Lucy Rogers was elected President of the Student Council for the coming year and Mary Stewart, vice-president.

The reunion of the members of the class, who now found themselves automatically promoted to the full glory of Seniors, was an especially joyful one. Tempering our pleasure at the sight of our friends was the realization that this occasion was the last upon which we would reorganize as a student body. We who had, in anticipation looked forward to the donning of our blue smocks, now looked enviously upon those students in embryo who, as yet, wore no smocks at all. Still, we consoled ourselves with the reminder that June was as yet a long way in the offing, and prepared to enjoy to the full the privileges of Seniors.

At the Smock Day entertainment held in the hall the Senior class won fresh laurels for histrionic powers, the offering on this occasion being a thrilling drama entitled "Her Final Sacrifice" or "Wild Nell, the Pet of the Plains." The cast included Raymond Bowley, Grace Bonner, Rose Keefe and Marion Bruce, Dorothy Bartlett and Dorothy Cutting. Virginia Grilley read the synopsis of the scenes. The gown worn by Raymond Bowley in his character of Lady Clara was the product of the actor's own daring creative genius, and was a chic decollete fragment in black velvet, quite obviously the latest thing in sports clothes for heroines who would a-strolling go across the plains.

Our Senior class officers included Virginia Grilley, president; Lurline Ripley, vice-president; Ethel Barry, secretary and Ralph Greenleaf, treasurer.

In November the Seniors tendered a reception to the Freshmen. As a compliment to our little guests the hall was attractively decorated with balloons, which the children took pleasure in puncturing with pins.

In November the members of the Senior class were gratified to hear that the Charles M. Lee prize of two hundred dollars had been awarded Ruth Deal for a pencil head submitted for the competition conducted annually by the Pennsylvania



MISS DEAL'S DRAWING

Academy of Fine Arts. The portrait, which was entitled "A Puritan Maid," was characterized by delicacy of tone and attractive composition.

Our Christmas spread was held in Mr. George's room. We were fortunate in getting in the first bid for the school punch-bowl, much to the disgust of some of the other classes who also, it developed, had designs on the coveted object. Realizing that this was the last Normal Art School spread at which we, as a class would ever be present, we strove to make it the best of all. The decorations were attractive, gifts plentiful and the menu greatly appreciated.

An enjoyable event of the year was the Senior dance, held in Huntington Hall.

Early in March grisly rumors of an impending intelligence test cast a damper over the school. There may have been a few who looked forward to the affair with lively curiosity but, for the most part, those burdened with imaginations invested the unknown with all sorts of terrors and pessimistically visualized themselves being forced to proclaim to the world the shallowness of their knowledge and the mediocre quality of their gray matter. Many of us arrived in the hall without anything upon which to rest our papers, and several of us had no pencils. The impression had seemed to prevail pretty thoroughly that the examination was to be an oral one. When we were sent to our lockers to procure the desired articles someone muttered gloomily, "Point one in the intelligence test, and most of us get zero!" Printed slips containing 168 questions were then dis-



THE GOLDEN TREE

tributed and each student, forthwith put into practice his own conception of the word Concentration. Some chewed up quantities of pencils and erasers, some sat

upon the backs of their necks and viewed the ceiling with interest. Others drew complicated diagrams, charts and family trees on the margins of their papers. Some muttered distractedly as they jotted down answers and others with a placidity delightful to behold, fluently wrote and wrote and wrote. We were gratified to learn that the result of the test proclaimed that our school had attained a creditable percentage and that our record compared very favorably with that of the other Normal schools.

In April the Student Government dance was held in the hall and was a well attended and very enjoyable event.

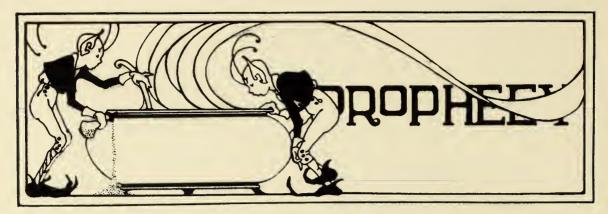
Of interest to the Senior Class was the news that Bertha Dion of the Modeling course received the commission to design and execute a tablet for a Memorial Monument at Norwood, Mass. The monument, which is of Braintree red granite, is 8 feet high and the tablet will be of bronze.

There remains but one more event to be recorded in the history of the class of 1921—graduation. Seriously, gayly, apprehensively, confidently according to our varying temperaments, we have met the responsibilities of Art School life, have added the record of our brief stay to the annals of the institution. With the conferring of our diplomas comes the breaking up of old associations. The lots of no two of us will be the same, yet it is pleasant to remember that however greatly our ways diverge and our interests differ, there will always be one potent bond to unite us—the affection which all of its graduates cannot fail to feel for Massachusetts Normal Art.

VIVIAN HAYES.



Green—Do you support your school paper? Brown—Oh no, it has a staff.



LOOKING FORWARD

If you do not believe what you are about to read, stop now; for below is a strange tale of fate, which must be accepted by any reader (or readers) with imagination (or without) as the truth, a part of the truth, or a fib. I tremble to begin, but will bear up and continue.

First, let me tell you a secret. (No one knows this except the family and our friends.) It all started about the tenth of June, at noon, when I ventured forth to the basement door, took a step out, and fell in; down thro' limited space, away from the rumble of Ipswich Street cars, the Exeter, and Copley Square, to what I thought looked like the Boston Theatre. Yea verily 'twas! but how changed.

In much astonishment I stepped up to read an announcement, the design of which I vividly remembered. It was a much scroll-worked boarder, signed "R. Czufin, the one and only Specialist on Boarders—Either Kind." Rudy in the business all ready? Then I spied a "1931" at the top of the sheet. "How so?" said I aloud, whereupon the lady at the box-office giggled. The giggle sounded familiar—very, so I looked closer and who was it but Mildred Patton. "Why Mildred," I exclaimed, "Aren't you busy getting ready for Graduation these days?" "Graduation?" echoed Mildred. "Why, the last time I did that was ten years ago—from M. N. A. S. How many please?" I was shocked. She did not recognize me. Just then a guard in uniform exclaimed "Come on. Speed! You're holding up the line." He was no other than the ambitious Arthur Silver, also of Art School.

As in a dream I gathered up a ticket in return for a coin which had Virgah Grilley's head sculptured on it by Bertha Dion; the worried President of the U. S. done by the youngest sculptress in existence. I moved on and in, vaguely realizing that actually ten years had passed since a few moments before.

At the next door my eye was attracted to a gorgeous mass of color and printin',—a manuscript by Elizabeth Higgins, direct from her studio, shared by Rose Dobson (also in that business), which was situated directly across the street, over the 5 and 10 Cent Store. I paused to read and absorb what was written thereon.

"Heare Ye! Friends and Fellowe Citizens. On this year of torture 1931, this theatre takes unto itself a new name and management. Hereafter it will be called the Jessie Alison Theatre, after the world's famous star of the legitimate stage. The new management is Christiensen and Buffum, Inc., who are to bear the burden of the running of sed theatre for Pin-Money for Struggling Children of M. N. A. S. Graduates, Miss Buffum's pet charity. Today at the opening performance a series of pictures will be run of special interest to members of the class of '21, and surviving members of which will be admitted at half price, minus the war tax, thanks to a proclamation issued by our before-mentioned speedy president, Miss Grilley, and signed by Marj Chellis, dancing instructor to the Senators and Representatives. Lucy Rogers is Speaker of the House, and conducts all meetings in her usual proficient manner (learned at Student Gov. Meetings, I guess). Norma Casano is Secretary of War, and has an office next door to the Secretary of the Navy, Mary Hartigan."

"Tickets please!" Ralph Greenleaf took my ticket, so I slid inside, with a longing look backward accompanied by a desire to read more. However, I wended my way onward and upward, to find my own seat, as the ushers, the two Dots, were too busy talking to think about ushering. I slid into one (meaning seat), and a great question rose in my mind. How could such talented spirits waste their life away talking in a theatre? The first announcement on the screen set my mind at rest.

"On this opening day, we have the honorable support of many noted and notorious artists who have kindly offered their services free or for nothing, for a limited period. Realize this; be courteous; have the right change at the box office and find your own seats if possible. The show will now begin. All feet off chairs; be quiet and retiring during the performance. Signed, Romley, Inspector."

The picture then began. "Scenario by Vivian Hayes. Special Photography by Gladys Lynch; diamond lighting effects, Dorothy Handy; directed and staged by Ethel Barry; costumes by Bowley; hats by L. Ripley; art titles by Eleonora Madsen—" Here something went wrong, and of course quite by mistake, a startling and illuminating series of advs. appeared before me, in place of the picture. The operator, Mr. Reed, being inexperienced in that capacity, had rolled the film the wrong way, and Sally had to help him roll it back again. Meanwhile the advs. ran off something like this:

All or any questions answered or asked. Yours for a prompt reply. Jean Cameron, G. F. D. plus 6.

Buy the latest books:

"Why I believe in Dignity," by Hilda Scudder.

"Modesty an Asset," by Esther Appleton.

"The Noble Art of Bluffing," by Winifred Norton.

"At 4:15 Wednesdays," by Gladys Pillsbury.

"How I Do It, Mechanically Speaking," by Helen Washburn.

"How and What to Read, compiled from my extensive library," by Evelyn Perley.

"Taking Tea on Indian Reservations in the State of Washington," by Jessie Phillips.

Vocal lessons given hourly. Mandolin accompaniment or not, as you wish. Lily Whiteside.

Portraits Done. Children a Specialty. Mary Stewart.

When you think of Littlefield think of McDonough. Managers of the Winthrop Ferry. Reduced rates during the winter months.

Say it with Flowers. Nahant Conservatories. Call Roland 234 and ask for Mab.

Tea Rooms. Shops in Albany, Cuba, Washington, and Montreal. Rose Keefe, manager.

Come ova and let me do your Charts! Orchestra in full attendance daily. Bunny Bonner.

Thelma Lovell. District Nurse. Medford 22.

Let me settle your Difficulties. Advice, but no guarantee to agree. Mildred Bucknum.

Rest for the Weary. East Milton. Owned by Marion Johnson.

Lynah Dancing Academy. Second Season. Personal Instruction.

School of Facial Expression. We specialize in eyebrow and lip control. Ruth Deal, Chief Expresser.

L. Swanson & E. Gustavson — We plan and put into operation efficient libraries.

Sarah Levy. Advertizing Agent, Harvard Summer School Courses. Come to me for any information you want.

True and Buckley. Teachers of dancing. We prefer to instruct college men. Dodd & Durgin. Matrimonial Agency. We always have plenty of eligibles on our books.

W. Thorner Advertising Agency. It pays to advertize with us.

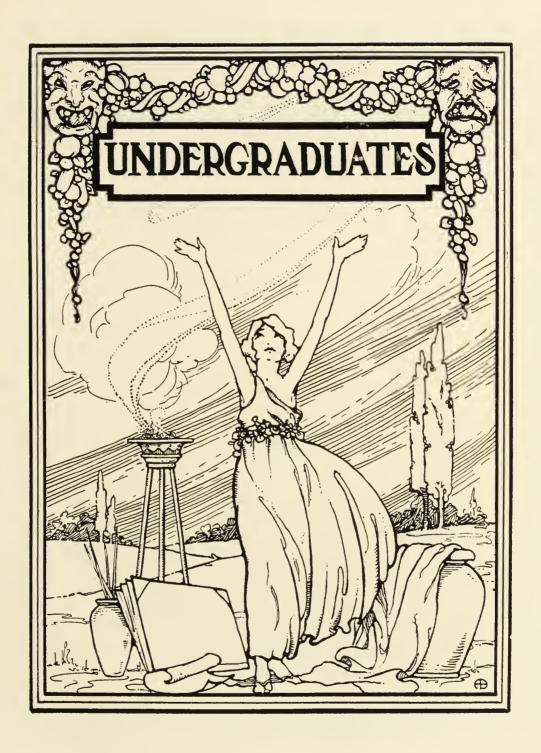
Animated Cartoons shown to-day are made by the famous artist, William Dee.

Private Trains to Cohassett. Agnes V-

Right there a bright light appeared on the screen, followed by much design of rose-buds and drapery, with Washington Square at the top and "Good Afternoon" at the bottom. The artistic temper-ment of the employees had come to the fore, and they all drifted out of the theatre to their various studios for inspiration and rest.

I gazed in wonder, feeling blanc, and rose, rubbing a stiff knee. Karamba! There I was where I tripped ten years before! At the basement portal, between the door and the first step, with someone saying:

"Did you fall? Too bad, but hurry up; we're all going to the Boston for a farewell feed."





WHAT THE JUNIORS SAY

From the elevation of our three years' experience, we look back on our salad days, so green in knowledge of inconspicuous rear exits; so innocent of the fatal path that leads to and from Mechanical Drawing; so guilelessly unaware of the wrath to come when we failed to block It in. Ah, the trials of those early figure masses! The dark moment when we were told that the nature was more beautiful! Yet, brightly, like a cluster of pansies (for thoughts, you know) we outgrew the dankness of the clay bins; we learned to throw on red paint; to whoop'er up; and found ourselves at the beginning of this year, Juniors, blasé with the torn experience of two years of heartbreaking toil in, and somewhat out, of the studios; hardened old habitues of the nearest art galleries; a solid phalanx of denunciation for the piracy of all dealers in artists' supplies.

Early in the year we dared to hold a novel system of balloting for class officers. The results were accepted without rioting, so we may assume that the following officers were the choice of the majority: President, Irma Cofren; Vice President, Joseph O'Mahoney; Secretary, Minnie Margolis; and Treasurer, Teresa Murphy.

By this time we were already adequately represented on the Student Government Board by John Alcott, who, in the position of Board Secretary, served both his class and his school. He first saw the possibilities of a school paper. It was, therefore, no surprise that the school elected him Business Manager of the "Centre of Vision."

Upon John O'Connell descended the honor of being the school choice for Editor-in-Chief, a selection wisely made because of his experience in the professional newspaper game.

IRMA COFREN.

There are those in the class whose work is rapidly achieving the fine atmosphere of professionalism. Some few whose accomplishments help us all to see more clearly the practical road that lies ahead. Robert Goode exhibited with the Brush and Chisel Club at their annual exhibition in Miss Horne's Gallery, and Otis Hood presented his American "Doughboy" under the patronage of the Kabatznicks Galleries. Helen Goss has taken Fate firmly by the throat, and launched into her profession of Interior Decorating, with all the fixin's, including check books, cards, and clients. Far be it from us to pass this professional phase of our class consciousness without referring to the Calcott Art Service, Ltd. We may say here in confidence that this enterprising young concern is already an element in the world of advertising, and that we hope they are grateful for this unsolicited bit of publicity. Then there was Charlie White's big cartoon on the editorial page of the American; Doris Moses, the mental gymnast, who upset the established theories pertaining to the intellectual capabilities of the artist tribe; and many others whose rays of activities here and there indicate the versatility, the scintillating many-sided facets of this veritable gem of a class.

On the whole, considering how little those in one division see consistently of those in the others, we may look with pride on the general inclination to pull together and, as a class, to cooperate with the school.



CHRONICLES OF THE TRIBE OF SOPHOMORES

Now it came to pass in the ninth month of the year 1919, that a tribe of exceeding timid children, albeit of great gifts and intelligence, entered into that ancient and honorable institution, the Mass. Normal Art School. Their spirits were filled with dread of exams (which dread rapidly vanished), and their hearts were filled with high hopes of being proclaimed geniuses, and, behold, that feeling also vanished rapidly.

Then the Seniors came unto them saying, "Behold, we have with us a reception in the disguise of a Hallowe'en party, with donkeys' tails being drawn everywhere, dead men's eyes, great vicious juicy angleworms, ice cream and dancing. We wish to present it thee." And they did, and great was the joy. And then followed a Smock Day in which the tribe of 1923 were for the first time shown the ins and outs of those green, so very green, smocks that all the lil' Freshmen wear. And they received the blessing of the high director and found it good.

Now it came to pass that a Quest of the Holy Grail was held, the most successful and spectacular pageant ever before seen in the school, and the making of it consumed a month or so of their "extra" time, and many cunning ones of the tribe found excellent opportunities for "excusable absences." Great aesthetic benefits were derived from their labor and great was the rejoicing among the people of the tribe when they proudly took unto themselves their share of honor for having given victory to the makers of the Quest.

Now simultaneously with the Christmas pageant came a dark time to the tribe. Word came that a feast must be prepared and they obeyed. Woe be unto the tribe for this, their only "tribal" skeleton hidden in great secrecy. And the viands at the feast were potato salad, ginger ale, frankfurts, pickles, rolls, ice cream and

crackers, and they did eat thereof with misgiving, and after the food jam there was wailing and gnashing of teeth.

Then came the month of February, and it came to pass that the custom of wearing keys on a ribbon hanging around the neck was discarded by these people and it was no more. And the tribe gathered in a great meeting to choose who should be the rulers over them and they chose one Charles Marston as chief over them, and Alois Beckonert as his assistant, and they chose Helen Johnson as scribe to keep the records of their doing, and it fell to the lot of Olive Shaw to gather the shekels of the tribe and guard its coffers.

Now came a change in the second half of the first year of the tribe and there were many paths to choose, and some hesitated, saying, "Do we choose wisely?" But came the mighty director and reassured them, saying, "Ye may do this, and ye may do that," and their vision was cleared. Then set they out upon the paths of their life work whistling and making merry.

And thus came to an end the first year of the illustrious class of 1923 and they scattered and went their ways.

Now behold the tribe returned to its home on September 20, 1920, and they found that they were merely Sophomores. Yea, they were exceeding unimportant and many had fell by the wayside so that they were decreased in number fifty fold. Verily, hardly forty green Froshes remained with lordly smocks of tan, yellow, olive drab and divers other hues which may broadly be termed brown.

And immediately the tribe gathered to choose again who should rule over them, and they elevated their scribe, Helen Johnson, to leadership over them, and they called forth a new assistant for her, Edith Beuttel, and they selected one Ruth Knowles to fill the place as scribe to write the doings of the tribe, but Olive Shaw they kept as guardian of their wealth, for great was the trust of the tribe in her, even unto the end.

Then approached the festal day, which belongs strictly to the tribe of Sophomores, and it became their duty to perform the solemn rites of Smock Day for the new class. And it came to pass that vengeance was sweet to the Sophs and they performed the rites exceeding well and with great satisfaction, for they remembered the doings of their tormenters a twelve-month ago. And they perceived in amazement that these freshmen appeared at this early date even greener than they had been, but though they saw, they spake not, for they were desirous that the illustrious class should suspect nothing.

And the annual feast day came again and behold a cloth was spread in the Library and exceeding high officers, Mr. Major, Miss Hathaway and Miss Holt graced the feast.

And the end came amidst dancing and good will. And yet are the Sophomores to be heard of in the land of the living, for they are very much alive and great is the expectation thereof. Thus endeth the chronicles of the tribe of Sophomores even in the second year of their career.



FWESHMAN HISTWY

I ain'st allays ben a 'fwaid cat, and theared, but one day when I'se just comed here dey tooked me an' dey shut me in a big room an' told us to dwraw some boxes—I wanted to cwy, but my popper and my muvver always told me not to cwy 'cause she woodent let noffen hurt me—and I never dwawed anything but

my butter on my bwead.

And we had a party—it was nistiation an' it wus a orful time and we had to dwess up funny. But dey tole me i woodent haf to dwess up 'cuz i wore my best wompers and i tooked sally wif me—you no sally is my baby dol and i allus take sally to my parties, and all the other little boys and dirls dwessed and our hairs wased in pig tales—den wun day we had a party sum great bigged upper classmen made it jus for us you no a upper classman ain't no animal, no he's one of the oldest thudents. The thudents is somebody what does to school and we had an awful good time 'n we danced 'n had all the pink and chocolat ith cweam we wanted.

Wun day we had a Chrismus party and everybody dwessed up in red hats and with our green shmocks then thanty Claus came in jinkgling his raindear bells and gave us preferenth from our Chrismus tree—sumbody gave mr Ray a box of coff drops cuz he allus going this way H-m-m Hum.—wun day we had 'lection just like the big mans and we got ourselves a president and a secretary and it didnt take us long cuz we knewed who we wuz going to lection-wun day the student government gave a dance for the school and the hall was decorated beootiful all in orange and black and mr. Shelton made sum punch not the punch when somebody hits you but made from lemons and sugar and we went home and everybody had a good time and ise allus comin to all the student government parties.—and wun day mr bruster tole us we wuz goin' to have a pagent and dwess up all funy and the copley society wuz goin to put us in it, all dwessed up like that-you know a pagent is a big show like a circus only everybody had to dwess in Oriental costume like chinemen 'n i wuzent scared a bit 'n i ain't cried since i bin here 'n i like this school 'n i hope we have another party soon only ile be glad when i dont have to wear this green smock no more, cuz i want to be a sofmore.

CLASS IN LINOTYPE TYPOGRAPHY

Among the large number of students in training in the school, one class is made up entirely of Federal Board men. Inasmuch as there were no schools where design in its application to composition and display on Linotype machines was one of the subjects, the Federal Board organized this department, and chose the Massachusetts Normal Art School, Department of Graphic Arts, as the most suitable institution to carry on their work.

This class, although maintained by the Federal Board, is under the direct supervision of the Director of the school, and is an integral part of the school.

The students were formerly printers, some of them entering the school for a course in design, later being transferred to the Linotype class, where they are trained in the technicalities of display, and will eventually graduate and become rehabilitated in the industrial field, where their disability will not be a handicap.



Owing to the wide range of maturity and experience, the course is not given regular school terms and the constant demand for skilled operators offers immediate placement for men who become proficient in a short time.

The importance of art in relation to printing is not always fully realized by the apprentice when he enters the craft. Originals in color by Maxfield Parrish, type designs by Frederic William Goudy, and a staff of artists in the industry are evidence of the relation between artist and artisan. With this object in view the Linotype department is brought in direct contact with an artistic atmosphere, the reason for the existence of the classes in the Massachusetts Normal Art School.

This class in Linotype Composition also uses the facilities of the printing room, where equipment is installed for the training of those who expect to apply their art training in the commercial field.

AN "IF" FOR UNDERCLASSMEN

(To be taken seriously if possible.)

If you can enter school on Monday morning,
And be within Room 5 at point of nine,
And wildly concentrate, no hardships scorning,
To end not later than an hour behind,
If you can smile when doing problems over,
Because that arrow was a 'steenth too wide,
Or if you should get perfect on a paper,
Can keep yourself from blowing up with pride.

If you can force your awe-inspired person
To brave the still life underneath the roof,
And follow out directions, threats, and cursing,
And keep right on intensifying Truth.
If you can make it sing like Galli Curci,
And swat right in that tone of Elephant's breath,
And when it fails to come out fat and juicy,
Can say "Out! damned spot!" like dame Macbeth.

If you can stare with fervor unabating,
Into a Cross Glass at some furniture,
And spend your fifty dollar time relating
Your scratches to the same, and still endure.
When drawing stairways though you know not whether
The blamed thing's vanishing point is up or down,
And drink unto the dregs your cup of Cross Juice,
Hoping thereby some day to win renown.

If you can draw a comp. with great emotion,
Imagination, sentiment, and skill,
And when the class is taken with the notion
That your masterpiece resembles Steamboat Bill,
If you can dare to claim that outcast canvas,
Nor wait 'till all the rest have left the hall;
And if you dare to try another "wild one,"
Despite that echo faint, "Up Tartars All!"

If you, as member of this student body,
Can juggle paint and sculp, with verve and dash,
If you can buy materials of "Waddy."
And not go broke of all your hard-earned cash.
If you can fill each temperamental minute,
With everything you ought not to forget,
Yours is the school and all that we've left in it,
And, which is more, you'll be an artist yet.
A FRIEND.

A TALK ON ILLUSTRATION By William Ladd Taylor

Copyright 1921 by William L. Taylor This article is the last of a series of three that have been printed in the CENTRE OF VISION. The series having been delivered as a lecture before the Art Students' League by the distinguished illustrator, W. L. Taylor.

The history of costume is a life study in itself, and unless you confine your work to the fashions of the present day it is always an important and often a difficult problem. Yet it is necessary that the illustrator should have at least a superficial knowledge of it. This is made possible by many works, some of them exhaustive studies, on the costumes of all ages; and although there are periods in the early centuries of the Christian Era in which the present-day knowledge of costume is somewhat vague and confined, it is not difficult to determine approximately what the dress of any period or people should be.

To obtain the actual garment with which you wish to drape or cover your model is another problem. Of course a genuine original garment of the period you have to picture is the one to use if it can be obtained. That, however, to the illustrator who pictures the Egyptians of four thousand years B. C. today, and tomorrow tries to recreate the gold diggers of California in "forty-nine," is pos-

sible once in a thousand times.

There is always the theatrical costumer, where you may sometimes find costumes of certain periods, but usually the theatrical costumer is grossly inaccurate historically. The court costume of Great Britain and Continental Europe for the last few centuries you may find, but the dress of the peasant and the common people of any period is rarely to be had with any approach either to character or historical accuracy from a costumer. You must learn, in the matter of costume, to rely on your own resources. For my own part, I buy, beg, borrow or hire from any and every suitable source. Failing that, the required costume is made for the occasion and oftentimes to fit a particular model.

To give you an example: I once wanted, as historically accurate as possible, an Indian Maiden's costume of the Algonquin Tribe. Nothing of the sort was to be had. There was nothing to do but to make the garment. I found in the museum of the Government Indian School at Tampton, Virginia, a dress of a later date and tribe, but unchanged in form from that of the earlier period.

I was permitted to take the dress from its cabinet and from it cut a full-sized paper pattern. The original frock, of course, was made of buckskin. In place of

it, but very like it in color and texture, I used a soft felt.

Experts of the Ethnological Bureau of the National Museum at Washington from their vast stores of material, selected designs and decorations in porcupine quill work with which to ornament the dress. These were carefully copied, both as to color and design. After a little experimenting I succeeded by using pigments mixed with varnish, in decorating the dress, not only with the correct design and color, but with a perfectly good imitation of the sheen and stiffness that is characteristic of quill work. It was practically as good for my purpose as a genuine

antique would have been. In this dress the cost of materials employed in the making was very little. The great outlay was in research and the time it consumed. You will often find it worth while to give as much time, or even more, in gathering material for your picture as you give to the painting of it.

It is rather interesting to note in the dress I have just described that the outline of the skirt closely follows the shape of the skins from which they have been

made since earliest times.

It is also worthy of note that North American ornament made of quills is a sort of Hall Mark, a guarantee of antiquity. The colored beads used today and for many years past came in with the Indian trader, who, with the hunter and trapper, first penetrated the wilderness of the great West. With the advent of the trader, quill work declined and is now only found in rare museum specimens. This fact is an interesting sidelight on the eauses that bring about changes in the costume of remote and elemental people. Commercialism in some form is usually at the bottom of it. You will find Fall River prints and Manchester ginghams wrapped about the dusky forms of Congo savages. Their lord and master oftentimes sports a tall silk hat, which he values rather more than the best of his wives. This addition to their time-honored costume comes to them through barter and exchange with enterprising traders.

There is hardly any limit to the makeshifts that you may employ in the way of costume when it is for studio use only. A garment or a piece of stuff can sometimes be adapted, transposed and arranged so as to be a means to a very complete end. I have an old battered, worn-out leather apron that I treasure as if it were cloth of gold, for it has served me many a good turn in the way of suggestion of folds and texture in the drawing of primitive and elemental costumes. It has enabled me to get character into such garments that no cloth woven in a loom could supply. I have used stencil and painted decoration on cloth to simulate em-

broidery. It is not difficult to manage and can be made very convincing.

I recall an attempt to build a hoopskirt of the 1860 period as the least suc-

cessful of my costume-making achievements.

If you have the misfortune to face the balloon skirt problem, study the work of Alfred Stevens, the Belgian painter. He alone, so far as I know, has given pictorial charm to the costumes and fashions of the sixties. The delightful interiors and interesting women that he painted would, however, be charming in the

dress of any period.

The costume of classic Greece and Rome is not difficult either to make or to design. You will find in Racinet's Historic Costume, complete patterns and diagrams of the various garments of the period. The real difficulty lies in draping and arranging, and in the grace and style with which you may be able to clothe your model. In the use of classic costume much depends upon your model. Indeed, a fine model is the rarest and at the same time one of the most valuable aids that an illustrator can have. I have known and used models without number. I can count on the figuers of one hand those that were anything more than putty or still life, but this is a digression.

There have been in the upper classes and court circles of Continental Europe gradual changes in the cut and fashion of clothes from earliest times. The changes have been much slower and less marked in the peasant and lower classes. In Northern Africa and Asia Minor, however, the same costume prevails today that

was worn thousands of years ago.

In the Holy Land the same blue and white striped garment woven on the same primitive loom is as common today as in the early days of the Christian Era.

The Moors of Morocco have modified the costume in a few details, but in the main the costume of Northern Africa has been for ages unchanging and unchanged. In the Far East and throughout the world in countries beyond the immediate influence of modern Europe, costume changes slowly. The subject is too

vast for me to touch upon.

In a story-telling picture or illustration, it is important to consider if it had best be treated in a subtle, a suggestive manner, leaving something to the imagination, or literally, with every pictorial detail of the story clearly shown. You may often treat your subject in an indirect way that may throw some sidelight on the story; add something to the idea conveyed in the written word and at the same time leave something to the imagination. I recall a fine drawing of this sort by Sir John Millais illustrating the legend of the Lady Godiva. In the drawing the Lady stands thoughtfully alone in her chamber, full dressed, with her two hands unclasping the girdle at her waist. What could be more delightfully suggestive? When she has been the theme of the illustrator the fair lady has almost invariably appeared at the climax of the story clothed only in her golden hair. The fine reserve and suggestiveness of the drawing I have mentioned seems all the more marked on that account.

A most interesting example of the suggestive and, at the same time, the literal qualities in a picture is that of Bastien Lepage's "Joan of Arc Listening to the Voices." The figure of Joan is simply posed against a background of green foliage. Her head is up, eyes wide open. The expression is tense, feverish. The picture tells you—if you are familiar with the history of Joan of Arc and have a little imagination—that she sees heavenly visions, hears unearthly voices. For some reason the picture which I have tried to describe was doubled in size. The added space was filled with detail that was left to the imagination in the first half. The cottage home, the work dropped at the call of heavenly voices, floating figures seen through tree branches. In a word, that which was suggested in the nrst half of the canvas is literally shown in the larger one, which as a technical tone de force is remarkable. Whether it is a greater picture, a greater and finer art than the smaller canvas is an open question. In both the original, which is in the Metropolitan Museum, and in reproduction the line where the canvas is pieced is plainly seen. I hope you will some day look up this picture because it so clearly illustrates the two qualities which you must often choose between.

You have always to consider how far the multitude will go with you; to what extent they will supply the imagination needed to understand and enjoy any suggestively told story. Howard Pyle forcefully said: "You can never succeed in any attempt to uplift the public to any standard above them which you may fancy you have attained by offering them that for which they have not asked. The world today wants illustration and I, as an illustrator, believe that by nobly satisfying their wants there can be created for them a vital art." With this conviction of Mr. Pyle I heartily agree. You must often consider that there are many of the greatest subjects in nature, in literature, in history that are too sublime, too subtle, too elusive and intangible to be literally represented by any graphic art. You can only accomplish such things, if at all, by suggestion. If you can do this to the satisfaction and the understanding of the world at large, you will, as Howard Pyle has said, "nobly satisfy their wants and create for them

a vital art."

It is not only fair to say in concluding this fragmentary talk that there may be exceptions to some of the points I have tried to make. Art is not an exact science like mathematics. In art two and two do not always make four. Some-

times the individual temperament and talent may outweigh all rules and conventions.

There is one last word that I would like to say to you, however, to which I believe there can be no question. Looking down the long line of American illustrators from the day of that able pioneer, Felix Darley, to the present time, one of the greatest seems to me to have been the late Edwin A. Abbey. There may have been ability greater than his, but I know of no one whose work from beginning to end was carried out with such serious and painstaking endeavor. Talking with him on one of his last visits to this country, he spoke in admiration of the work of a certain American illustrator, saying, "He takes more pains than any of the other fellows," and added thoughtfully, "It pays to take pains." I am glad of the opportunity to bring to you this opinion from so great an authority. Take pains with everything you undertake. Do the best you can. It will add to the ultimate quality of you work.

If you have talent it is a God-given treasure for you to develop, to make the most of. Try to get an element of beauty in your work, an element of refinement and wholesome human sentiment. There is so much that is sordid and ugly in the world round about you that if you can bring a little uplift, a little joy; if you can add even so little to the appreciation of the beauties of nature and of human refinement, you will have done your part. Your labors will not have been in vain. You have a great opportunity. Moreover, as Robert Louis Stevenson so beautifully puts it in the verse dedicated to his artist friend, Will H. Low, "You will have come the primrose way."



Heard in Anatomy Class—The lower ribs are attached to the breast bone by cartridges.

Voice—Yep, that's why some people blow up occasionally.

DECLARATION OF STUDENT GOVERNMENT

Whereas Student Government in the Massachusetts Normal Art School is a new and very nearly untried organization, and whereas much skepticism and incredulity as to its efficiency has been expressed, and in consideration of the fact that doubt has been shown concerning whether it be a true form of student government, we wish to hereby set forth that, despite some difficulties, the Student Government has produced the following results:

- 1. It has drawn up a constitution and by-laws, which are workable as far as practice has proven.
 - 2. It has taken over the direction of the outer office satisfactorily.
- 3. It has caused the discipline of the school to improve markedly and working conditions have been much bettered.
- 4. It has shown itself capable of enforcing its penalties when occasion demanded, although its policy has been that of leniency.
- 5. It has fittingly solved the problem of lost locker keys by imposing fines for the opening of lockers.
 - 6. It has started the big task of putting the library in working order.
 - 7. It has run a very successful school party.
- 8. It has initiated and put into practice a plan for having speakers address its council meetings.
- 9. It has brought about the advent of a school Quarterly, which is sure to be instrumental in creating unity of spirit in the school.

We, therefore, in consideration of the foregoing facts, declare that this Student Government, despite sundry difficulties, has succeeded in making itself felt, and should be accorded its just place in the school, and in the minds of the faculty and student body.

We herewith submit this declaration on the fifteenth day of June, A. D., nineteen twenty-one.

THE STUDENT BOARD.

MEMBERS OF THE STUDENT BOARD

Lucy F. Rogers, President; Mary R. Stewart, Vice-President; John E. Alcott, Secretary.

Seniors-Virginia A. Grilley, Lurline O. Ripley.

Juniors-Irma Cofren, Joseph O'Mahoney.

Sophomores-Helen Johnson, Edith Beauttel.

Freshmen-Richard Ellinger, Rose H. Ferry.

THE CENTER OF VISION

Editorial Board

John J. O'Connell, Editor-in-Chief

John E. Alcott, Business Mgr. Leo O'Donnell, Art Editor Ethel Barry, Class Editor F. W. Ried, Alumnæ Editor Rhubena Wilde, Adv. Mgr. Vivian Hayes, Literary Editor William Dee, Exchange Editor C. H. Mason, Asst. Editor

William J. Calhoun, Circulation Mgr.

The advent of the Center of Vision has been one of the most important events that have taken place this year. The older publication whose name it bears fell into oblivion before any of the present students were enrolled in the school, so that a school paper seemed like a new undertaking to them and its progress was watched with interest.

The aims of the sheet are to express art student life in this school with all its unique and peculiar interest, and to render the service of bringing subjects pertaining to the welfare of the school before the students in an interesting way and thus help to create the unity which, to every institution, is so essential.

The students and faculty alike responded heartily to the call and the first issues contained much excellent and entertaining material which was surely keenly appreciated, for the entire edition was sold out.

With the May issue and this Graduation number the Center of Vision closes its activities for this school year. We believe that the Center of Vision has a long life of service to the school ahead of it, and it is certain that with the opening of school in September it will be able to start with flying colors because of the good beginning of this Spring.



WHO'S WHO?

The Class of '21 Tells Us That.

Ethel Barry is the slimmest;
But they did not quite decide,
Just who seems to be the roundest—
M. Hartigan or L. Whiteside.

Mildred Bucknum is the longest; ('Most unanimous, we see) But the shortest, noisiest, brightest, Is our own, small Betty B.

Dot Bartlett gets the most artistic, With Eleanor M. almost upon her; Dot also is the most ambitious— Tho' most conspicuous is B. Bonner.

Of course John Lynah is the laziest; Lawson is the biggest clown; Agnes Valine is the squarest, And Lurline is the "best-all-around."

Lucy is the most high-minded;
Hilda the most dignified,
But for the most energetic,
E. Higgins and Lil' S. are tied.

Vivian Hayes is most original, And is voted quite the wittiest; Winifred Norton is most stylish, And also elected prettiest.

Helen Washburn is our "bluffer"; Æsthetic, then, is Raymond Bowley; Eleanor Madson is most modest; (I could go on like this just hourly!)

So I'll cease here, but gaily add,
Most versatile is Virgah Grilley;
Most popular, too!—and for this poem,
They'd doubtless vote me the "most silly."

R. K.

WILL OF THE DESIGN AND COSTUME **ILLUSTRATION COURSES**

I, the undersigned, being in as sound state of mind as I ever hope to be, do

will and bequeath the following:—

To Dorothy Bartlett I give one perfectly good marcel-iron, to be found in Mr. Shelton's private office-and, by the way. Dot, if you really want to go to any more costume parties, I know of a "has-been sailor" who will loan you his "seagoing outfit.'

To Dorothy Cutting I give private use of the telephone in the office from 1.30 on—except on Friday—on which day fish is served instead of "Ham." You

may also have the sink on the second floor in which to float a canoe.

To Rose Dobson I give permission to own all the "floor-space" surrounding Miss Dizabeth Higgins.

To Mary Hartigan I give the entire "mail-board" downstairs for "in-coming" letters. 'Nuf ced!

To Virgie Grilley: Listen, Virge, wouldn't vou like my roller skates, or, better still, you will find some wings left over from the Miracle Play-in my locker.

1) Marge Chellis: I know you love to do "Murals," so I give you the second

floor to decorate.

To Rose Keefe: I know how you like "Exhibitions.", Hereafter you may

own the various Freshman Exhibits of Perspective in the Hall.

To Marion Bruce I give all the hammers in the Metal Room. Could they be used for "Pin-tucks," Mab? I wonder! They are pretty "rugged," those hammers!

To Elizabeth Higgins: I leave you limitless vards of parchment. Manu-

scripts are appearing regularly in the Police Gazette.

To Mildren Patton: Would you care to own some real antique tables and chairs, and some heavy pewter? Then the lunchroom is yours—plus the macaroni.

To Sally Phippen: We give you the entire library and all the books therein—

to "Read."

To Win Norton: I leave you a cool, desert island—insectless—off South

Africa. Happy, Win?

To Jean Cameron: I give you all the machines in the room beside Mr. Ray's office. Do you think they could be used on a farm, Jean?

To Betty Buffum: There are some paper dolls up in the Public School room.

Wouldn't they come in handy—sometime? Help yourself, little girl.

To Gladys Pillsbury: Tewksbury could probably use the "model-stands" in the Life Class. Help yourself, Glad! Are they still wearing hoop-skirts out there? There are plenty of barrel-hoops out in the school yard which you may be able to use in your dress-making.

To Vally Christianson: I give full guardianship over "Betty." Also a "Croix de guerre" given to her by the supervisor of "costume-illustration" for "Work."

To Jessie Allison: You like New York? Well, I am going to give you a

"three-year pass" for the New York Boat.

To Lurline Ripley: You may have all the artificial flowers, leaves and fruits which you may find in Mr. Brewster's class—also, Mr. George's festoons. These things will either "make" or "break" a "Hat."

To Mildred Buckman: "Mid," I want you to look around the school and select just the choicest of furniture for that New York Studio of yours. Now, don't look scornful—think of the graceful three-legged chairs in the hall and the "sturdy" easels, and don't forget to help yourself to the ever-present soap and paper-toweling. Pretty dusty down there.

To Thelma Lovell: You'll find some "Jacks" in the medicine-chest on the

second floor—help yourself, Thelma.

To Norma Casano: I'll give you the boiler-room to "interior decorate.

Movies will be shown every Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

To Agnes Valine: You may have the School wheelbarrow, so when you lose your train—to "Cohasset"—you may park in that.

"BUNNY" BONNER.

FASHION HINTS FOR TEACHERS

Listen everybody!! Did you know that ear puffs were going out of existence? In a few years photographs alone will tell of a by-gone fad. That is what we "teachers-to-be" are told. It all happened like this. Our teacher told us that if we, the coming generation, would uplift and teach to walk in the path of the æsthetic, we must abolish the much-snarled ear puffs. Now ear puffs came into vogue with a bang and they stayed on with many hairpins, much to the horror and disgust of parents and teachers. They stayed in so long that even the most "backward-about-coming-into-style" damsel carefully concealed her ears. Now we are called an earless nation (but we all know that sounds travel through these puffs and travel pretty fast). But, anyway, we all considered carefully what our

'guides" had told us and soon a plan of action was decided upon.

The next day was Wednesday, the day of days in the Public School division, for it is then that we have our afternoon tea. At three o'clock there suddenly appeared from the hall a strange looking "bunch" of girls. Amid giggles, more or less successfully suppressed, we all sat dawn to a marvelous "tea." Miss Cleaves admired the balance arrangement of the cake on her plate. We certainly made great "progress" with our "eats," and could get the connection between the cake and progression, but for balance!! During all of this time we giggled and fidgetted until we feared no one would discover the transformation. We all began to assume that "what's the use" expression, when a well-known and much-loved voice was heard to say, "How splendid it is to see the ears again?" Have you noticed how nice they all look, rather pale, but we welcome them back to our girls." Then the suspense was broken and we were all free to laugh at each other.

We certainly were "sights," although we still looked human! But as we adjourned to the lecture room, we agreed that if kindness to ears were considered at all, we would have to wait until warmer weather before letting them make a belated début. The birds and flowers say, "Spring has come." Do you see any ears blossoming forth? Well, it is still pretty cold, n'est ce pas? Have patience, teachers and parents, for some day your wish may be fulfilled.

M. TRUE

LAST (BUT NOT LEAST) WILL AND TESTA-MENT OF GRAPHIC ARTICUS

Know all those to whom it may concern, that since in the nature of things, we can very little longer keep our nine lives within our body, and since there are certain goods, chattels, properties, things and belongings of material and spiritual nature which we wish to leave to those we leave in order that a few more horrors may be added to their already over-burdened capacities, we, the Graphic Articus being in practically (it is hoped) sound mind and able to swear by and at anything offered for such an awful purpose, do give, dispose of and bequeath before our nine lives have left our body the following:—

Item A—I, Steena Madsen (life No. 1), bequeath to any junior girl over six feet tall my beloved smock, with the request that she hem it up if it is too long, for my spirit would be heartbroken to see it dragging in the mire of the life room floor. I also leave to any who can use it, my way of entering the studio. Beside that I bequeath my ability to make exquisite drawings and my dislike of being told about it to whom ever deserves it in next year's class.

Item B—I, Lily Whiteside (life No. 2), leave my ability as an impersonator to the whole school together with all the old smocks, curtains, and studio impedimenta which served as my wardrobe. I leave the echo of my laugh to all who have heard it, and all broken chairs to Shelton to remember me by. My singing voice I am taking with me for that and my "Mangy-bandolin" will be of great use in Heaven, where I hope to be.

Item C—I, Evelyn Perley (life No. 3), leave my mania for reading books to similarly inflicted persons in next year's class, and also a list of all books read by me, which I hope to complete, with the exception of the book I am reading when death o'ertakes me. I also leave a choice collection of charcoal ends, plumb lines, worn out scratchers and pieces of ruler which I will leave in possession of the Junior Class for use in discouraging would-be borrowers. I would not have others suffer as I have suffered.

Item D—I, Jessie Phillips (life No. 4), leave my "s-s-s-s-sh" to any individual or group of same who may desire at times to work in silence; also my patented method of sitting in my chair while drawing, I give to anyone who dares make use of it. I still reserve the use of my by-word "wait a minute" for use in the next world, as I expect to be late leaving this one.

Item E—I, Mary Stewart (life No. 5), leave my place in the class to anyone who can fill it, my smile and enthusiasm must also go to whomever has the capacity to use and develop same. I leave behind me my ability to draw children, but I am taking with me my power of attracting children to me to use on the little angels in Heaven, and also I shall be the first to leave this world as I want to catch the 2.10 train from Trinity Place.

Item F—I, Ethel Barry (life No. 6), leave my smiling mug to cast a bit of sunshine forever into the dark life room so that the next class can see its paper while drawing. I leave my reinforced, weight-resisting chair to Alberta Bridges, who I believe needs it as much as I used to. I refuse to leave my complexion, however, because I know that it was expected that I would, furthermore it is not the removable variety and must pass on with me to the bournes from which no traveller returns.

Item G—I, Ruth A-Atch Deal (life No. 7), leave this world to anyone who wants it the minute life No. 6 leaves it because she could not get into Heaven without me. I leave my dislike of being called a horse to any similarly inclined Junior. I also leave my supply of ironic humor and my adopted Hebrew accent to those who know how to make use of them as well as I have done.

Item H—I, Vivian Green Hayes (life No. 8), leave my temperamental top-knot for next year's class to remember me by. I leave my ability to keep the class in an uproar of laughter to any fellow vaudeville entertainer who will promise to keep up my strict standard of amusement. I take my reporter's pad with me, as I expect to have to write up the doings of Graphic Articus in the world to which we are going.

Item I—I, Lucy F. Rogers (life No. 9), have wrecked almost everything, both material and spiritual, that I possess, trying to maintain my position as monitor over the nine lives and their contemporaries. I leave the empty title of monitor to the broadest pair of shoulders in the Junior class, with the information that it is a worn-out honor, full of holes and carrying only the jeers of the mob with it. I am obliged to take with me my faculty of remaining oblivious to conversation addressed to me, as the only way I hope to get through the gates of the next world is by not hearing and not answering questions concerning my life here.

Item J—The Graphic Articus, both as individual lives and as a whole, leave Mr. Andrew his ability to teach, his improvements on the model stand and his propensity for talking on and around any subject extant. We leave him the memory of a brilliant and wonderful class. Ahem!!! Let's see—O, yes, we reserve the right to take our own lives— no one shall have that privilege bequeathed them, although we know they want it.

I, Graphic Articus, swear to any justice of the peace who will look over, read, and throw away this will, and hereby revoke all previous wills or "won'ts" written by me.

(Signed) GRAPHIC ARTICUS.

Mr. Andrew (addressing class)—Don't make all your tones alike; consider the kind of surface you're trying to represent; for instance, touching his arm, "Flesh"—tapping his head—"Bone."

ARTSCHOOLWOCKY

'Twas T-square and the Triangles

Did Chalk and Thumb-tack in Pastel,

All Charcoal were the Drawing-boards

And the Crowquill Pen-points in Ink-well.

Beware the Conté-crayon, my son,
The Paints that catch, the Tubes that bite,
Beware the Skeleton and shun
The Composition night.

He took his Palette-knife in hand Long time the Zinc-white foe he sought; So rested he by the Strathmore tree And stood awhile in thought.

And, as in pencil thought he stood,
The Conté-crayon with eyes of flame
Came Stippling through the Cross-glass wood
And Techniqued as it came.

One, two! one, two! and through and through His Palette-knife went snicker-snack! He left him dead and with his head, He Tracing-papered back.

And thou hast slain the Conté-crayon?

Come to my arms, my smock-ed boy,
Jason! Clay! Plaster-cast! Danté!

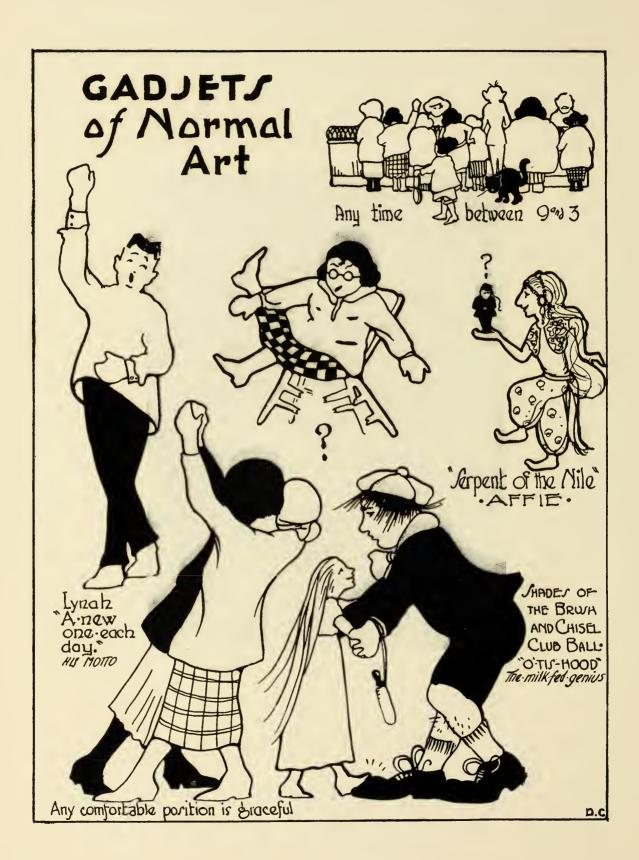
He Chamoised in his joy!

'Twas T-square and the Triangles Did Chalk and Thumb-tack in Pastel, All Charcoal were the Drawing-boards, And the crow-quill Pen-points in Ink-well.

V. H.



THE TOUT ENSEMBLE CLASS OF '21



"PLAYS ON NAMES"

"Dream Street"	Fleanor Madsen
Dream Street	Lily Whiteside
"The Gilded Lily"	Elaw Dowless
"Eyes of the World"	Evelyn Perley
"Sitting on the World"	Jessie Phillips
"Mother"	
"You Never Can Tell"	Ruth Deal
"The Three Musketeers"	Steena, Lily, Viv
"Buddies"	Ruth, Ethel
'The Hoodlum'	Vivian Hayes
"The Misleading Lady"	Lucy Rogers
"Honey Girl"	Ethel Barry
"The Wonderful Thing"	Leo O'Donnell
'The Devil"	Russell Lawson
"The Country Boy"	James Saulmer
"The Deep Purple"	Frederick Romley
'Shuffle Along'	John Lynah
"When Knighthood Was in Flower"	Ralph Greenleaf
"Innocent"	Hilda Scudder
"Common Clay"	Bertha Dion
Common City	

TWO SENIOR GIRLS TALKING

First Senior Girl—Have you noticed how Mr. K's mustache has grown? Second Senior Girl—Yes, indeed, it's positively unkempt. Appropo of a certain mustache—Don't hit a mustache when it's "Down."

Mr. K—p, excitedly, to Senior Girl—Mr. A— is looking for you. He wants you to come to the Anatomy lecture.

Fresh Sr. Girl—I don't believe it. How do you know he meant me? Mr. K—p.—Well he said the girl with the blue jacket and no sleeves. Fresh Sr. Girl—Tell him I'm down stairs looking for the sleeves.

The Senior Graduation is anticipated to be the most artistic for years. The Seniors are going to wear pastel shades.

JUST WHAT DOES "HAMI" MEAN?

Your anatomy, Miss —, is a little bit queer. The first thing to do when you paint a portrait is to make your model unconscious.

Well, anyway, he was a mighty smart man. I don't know whether he went to a correspondence school or not.

H-m-m, very good, but I don't like the shape of your legs.

Mr. H (pausing on stairs)—Oh-ah-er are you going down to see that Monticelli, Miss Rogers?

Miss R. (halting on way home)—What! Yes, yes, we're going down to see it again. Then, feverishly interested—Was Monticelli a personal friend of yours, Mr. H?

Mr. H. (wilting)—Well-er, I may seem antique, but I'm not quite that old. You know, Monticelli died in 1880 (continues on way grinning).

Motto—Oh what a tangled web we weave when first we practice to deceive.

SLOGANS—AS ADVERTISED

"Obey that impulse"—Mary Stewart. "Eventually, why not now?"—John Lynch.

"Going, going, gone"—Lily Whiteside.

"I'd walk a mile for a Camel"—Lucy Rogers.

"The Flavor Lasts"—Vivian Hayes. "Going Big"—Eleanor Madsen. "Ever so sweet"-Ethel Barry.

"See America First"—Jessie Phillips. "Don't Rub, It Penetrates"—Ruth Deal. "Ask Dad, He Knows"-Evelyn Perley.

"Roll Your Own"—Leo O'Donnell.

Did you ever see L— stretching canvas? She drives tacks like lightning. How come?

Sure, lightning, you know, seldom strikes twice in the same place.

Ethel Barry has a poetic outburst every now and then. Perhaps if her heroines didn't persist in stubbing their toes she'd get along better with the rhyme. Two of her masterpieces follow:

"Lucy Rogers, the big simp,

Stubbed her toe and fell in the sink,"

"Lily Whithead, the big clam,

Stubbed her toe on the frying-pan."

All we've got to say is that if Ethel keeps on at this rate, Service, Lanier, and a few such, want to "gird up their loins."

AT THEM KABHLEUY HOUSE-PARTIES

Do you remember-

The Midnight Feast?

"Girls, come in immediately!"

Meatballs?

The dance that ended in a Shower?

One can or two for corn chowder?

The Spanish paintin'? "Park your lolly-pops."

"Corner on wheat; market's closed!"

Our Camp songs: "Kipling" or "The Whistler and His Dog"?

Mr. Andrew (exhorting better discipline in Life Class)—Less noise, less noise; just pretend you're at the movies. (Smothered giggles.)

Heard after a feverish day in oils—You girls all have lots of color.

Yes, we have been painting.

ON THAT SUMMER HOUSE PARTY

It stood on the bridge at midnight, Interrupting my silent repose, For it was a hybrid mosquito. And the bridge was the bridge of my nose.

OUR PET AMBITIONS

Vivian Hayes—To conduct a refuge for homeless dogs and cats and "show 'em a good time."

Lily Whiteside—To eat marshmallows mixed with oil paints.

Eleanora Madsen—To ride a fiery steed.

Mary Stewart—To conduct an orphan asylum on hygienic principles. Evelyn Perley—To prove that "there's nothing new under the sun." Jessie Phillips—To "See-Attle."

Ruth Deal-To "kill off" all her clever contemporaries.

Lucy Rogers—To "try everything once."

Ethel Barry—To annihilate the next person who says she is "sweet."

Fred Romley—To come riding home in a taxi.

Jimmie Saulnier-To remove all black paint from the pallets of his contemporaries.

Johnnie Lynah-To secure a "place in the sun."

Leo O'Donnell-To tell what he really thinks of Monticelli.

Russell Lawson—To be shocked!!!

THAT IVG NINE

Talkativeness50	%
Campoutiveness25	%
Coming-lateness	
Going-to-theatreness 1	
Eating-birthday-cakeness	%
Leaving-early-ness	%
Getting-down-to-business 4	%

WHO'S WHO IN THE GRAPHIC

Lucy's the boss and most every day, She tells us "Shut Up" in her soft lil' way. Jessie's just fine as Lucy's assistant, For with her Shuhs-es she's very persistent. Poiley's the one with all that we need. For her ruler'n eraser you'll oft hear us plead. Vivian's fun, it makes us all shriek, Ruth gets our goat with greatest of ease, When once she gets started she's certain to tease. Lily's artistic, but it sure is a treat, To see her stop working and start in to eat. Eleanor's the one who can't stand applause, A word of this kind and she'll show you her claws. Mary takes care of all who are ill, She's just in her glory when giving a pill. Ethel completes us, for this little lass, Provides pep, salt, and sugar to season the class.

Romley to Blonde—How do you like that refrain? Blonde—The more you refrain the better I like it.



THROUGH THE FINDER



THROUGH THE FINDER

The Final Touch

What did Miss Hathaway mean by this—Wait a minute and I'll give you a punch.

"POPULAR SONGS"

#C 1 - Nf "	Ctalls Engage Engage
"Cuban Moon"	
"Ain't We Got Fun"	
"When You Look in Her Eyes"	
"I'm Falling in Love Again"	
"Betty Be Good"	
"Hungarian Raphsodies"	Dot Cutting
"I Hear You Calling Me"	Dot Bartlett
"Jazz Bab y "	
"Rose of Washington Square"	
"Tell Me"	
"Hold Me"	-
"Long and Leany? Chili Beaney"	Mid Bucknam
"What Made Milwaukee Famous"	
"We'll Build a Sweet Li'l Nest Somewhere in the West	_
"Jimmy"	
"I'm a Devil in My Own Home Town"	
"Humming"	
"Pretty Baby"	
"O What a Pal Was Mary"	
"They Go Wild, Simply Wild Over Me"	
"Rose"	
"Tell Me Little Gipsy"	
"Brown Eyes"	
"Listening"	
"Whispering"	Mildred Patton
"I Don't Want to Get Well"	
"Give Me The Moonlight"	
"Sally"	Carleton Peed
"Don't Bother Me Girls, I'm Married	Toronh Tenffe
Don't Domet Me Gins, I'm Married	Joseph Teame

HAVEN'T YOU HEARD 'EM?

Marge Dodd—Say, they all want to call on the same evening. Dot Handy—Do you wan me to tell you?

Lil' Swanson—Where's my pocket-book?

Frances McD.—O fish cakes!

Jess. Phillips—Wait a minute.

Viv Hayes—I ask you?

The Center of Vision

AND NO PAPER TOWELS

Describe water.

Water is a white fluid that turns black when you put your hands in it.

SAY, BALARDVALE-ITES, DO YOU REMEMBER—

The flexible-flyer express company?

The first supper?

Those eternal train whistles?

That one log fire?

Those icy blasts?

The hope chest?
The mystery of the closed window?

The Birches?

The "Wonderful" experience?

Those gasoline-infested cakes?

First Graphic Arter—Say, wasn't it cold in Ballardvale? Second Graphic Arter—I'll say so, why when we started to light the fire, the flame froze on the match.

Soph.—You want to keep your eyes open around here today.

Fresh.—What for?

Soph.—Because people will think you are a fool if you go around with them shut.

IN THE COSTUME CLASS

Marie—The girls in Paris aren't wearing skirts any longer.

Schino-What!

Marie—They've decided they're long enough.

Stude Darta says—It is not always best to believe rumors, but it is always interesting to hear them.

Prof. of Astronomy-Why, young man, I've spent half my life looking at heavenly bodies.

Art Student-So have L-Voodoo.

Aspiring Young Artist to Editor-There's lots of push and go in me; I'd really like to show you.

Mean Editor-Very well, try your push on that door and then demonstrate your go on the outside.

WOMEN'S CAPES

Cape of Good Hope16	
Cape Flattery20	
Cape Lookout25	
Cape Fear30	
Cape Farewell	

THE EDITOR RAVES
What is it makes them throw a fit,
What is it I think I'll never git,
Because they're bound that they'll resit
That Senior Photo.

What is it fills my soul with horror,
What is it they say they'll bring tomorrow
And then forget it to my sorrow,
That Senior Photo.

What is it stops my heart with dread, And gives me nightmares when in bed, What is it that's going to my head, To drive me loco, That Senior Photo.

Victor—I would die for you.
Rola—Well, what are you waiting for?

Fresh.—Oh, say, I couldn't come up to see you last night. Sweet Young Thing—Sir, I don't even know you. Fresh.—I know it; that's why I couldn't come up.

MY HOSIERY

The hours I spent so oft with thee, Are as a string of holes to me, I darn them o'er, all stitches separately My hosiery—my hosiery.

Each skip a hole—each jump a tear, To me each stitch doth tell a yarn. I sew, and long as finished is each pair To give a darn, alas! To give a darn.

First Student (in an undertone)—Aw, shut up.
Second Student (ditto)—You're the biggest dunce in school.
Teacher (desiring courtesy)—Boys, don't forget that I am here.

May—Jack.said he was too bashful to ask Helen to marry him last night.
Onnise—Well, I suppose about midnight her father came down and helped him out.

The Center of Vision

TACTFUL?

Mrs. Jones received the following note from a friend. Dear Mrs. Jones:—

Your husband cannot come home today; his bathing suit was lost in the surf. P.S.—Mr. Jones was in the suit.

You know Johnny—well, his father sent him to school to make something of himself.

And did he?

Yes, he made a fool of himself.

PRAYER AT M. N. A. S.

Now I lay me down to rest, Before I take the intelligence test, If I should die before I wake, Thank Heaven, I'll have no test to take.

Mr. R. (looking into chaotic locker)—Haven't I told you time and time again to have a place for everything?

Poor Fresh.—Yes, I know, and this is the place.

Thumb—Just think of our forest preserves. Tack—Well, how about our subway jams.

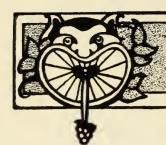
He at 12.00 P. M.—Well, I must be off. She—Yes, I noticed that when you first came.

Where do the lady bugs go? In the winter, you mean? No, any time. I don't know, where do they go? To the Asylum.—The Brown Jug.

Johnny Lynah says—The Gods invented sleep and then some fool invented the alarm clock.

If you've enjoyed this pencil sketch
Of life at the Normal Art,
We're sorry to beg to advise you
That we've no more to impart.
This perspective veiw is done and through
Our compasses we'll disjoint
For we've drawn the last line of the Final Touch
And have reached the Vanishing Point.

-AU REVOIR



AUTOGRAPHS



The moving fingers write; and, having writ move on.
Well, naturally--The best of friends must part.
But when we see these friendly scrawls, we know we're sure to set
A lot of happy memories of pals in Normal Art.

The Center of Vision

DEAR reader. THERE is no man MORE human than AN ADVÉRTÍZER. * * WE HAVE QUITE a few * * * **ADVERTIZERS** * * * IN THIS book, * * WHICH means * * * THAT they were very * * **GENEROUS** * * * WHICH was nice * * * OF THEM in these * * * HARD times. * * BUT they show * * THEIR human side NOT only by being GENEROUS. THEY naturally expect SOME return * * FOR their MONEY, WITHOUT which * * * OUR little book * * * WOULD not have been. * * * NOW, reader, think-

OUR advertizers are * * RELIABLE or * * * THEY wouldn't be here. * * * THEN the next time * * * YOU'RE down town AND want something * * * THEY'VE advertized. * * * DROP in to see ONE of our * * * **ADVERTIZERS** * * ABOUT it. TELL him you * * KNOW he has it, * * * 'CAUSE he advertized IT in the GRADUATION number OF the CENTER of vision. * * * BE SURE to remember * * * TO mention that. OUR advertizers PATRONIZED us: * * * YOU patronize our * * * ADVERTIZERS! WE thank you PROFUSELŸ.

PRINTING



Established 1868

STUDENTS SUPPLIES

Stationery
Blank Books and Losse Leaf Devices
(all sizes)

A Line A Day Book

Leather Goods

Fountain Pens

Fine Paper and Envelopes

57—61 FRANKLIN STREET, BOSTON.

THE GINGERBREAD

LUNCHEON AND TEA ROOM



172 TREMONT STREET

OVER THE DEERFOOT SHOP

When in Concord stop at

JOSEPH DEE & CO

13 Bedford Street

AUTOMOBILE SERVICE

Night Work a Specialty

Reliable Drivers

TELEPHONE CONCORD 255



....

LET BRADLEY MATERIALS HELP

CRAYONS
WATER COLORS
TEMPERA PAINTS
PLASTELINE
PASTE
MOLDOLITH
ART ENAMEL
DRAWING PAPERS
INSTRUMENTS

MILTON BRADLEY CO.

BOSTON NEW YORK PHILADELPHIA ATLANTA SAN FRANCISCO HERENERE Compliments
of
Raymond A. Bowley

Compliments of the Advertising Manager

ныныныныныныныныныныныныны

DRESS CLOTHES

When the occasion arises get the best



READ & WHITE

111 Summer Street REGAL BLDG. BOSTON, MASS. Telephone Beach 56977

Our Class Photographer

REGENT STUDIO

258 ELM ST.

W. SOMERVILLE

DAVIS SQUARE

TELEPHONE

SOMERVILLE 5809

After July 1, 1921

J. ALEXANDER ZIEFF

POCASSET

CAPE COD

BOX 39







Wadsworth Howland & Co.

INC.

MANUFACTURERS

of Artist Oil and Water Colors, School Crayons Watercolor Boxes, Bay State Stretchers, Oils and Varnishes, Pastel and Charcoal

FIXATIVE

IMPORTERS & DEALERS

in all kinds of Artist Supplies and Drafting Material





139-141 Federal Street 84 Washington Street

BACK BAY 222 Clarendon Street 1316 Beacon Street

BROOKLINE



C. H. KELLEY

F. P. KELLEY

THE -

P.RKER HOUSE FLORIST FRANK P. KELLEY, Prop.

ARTISŤIC FLORAL ARRANGÉMENT FOR ANY OĆCASION

FLOWERS TELEGRAPHED EVERYWHERE

TELEPHONE FORT HILL 625
NIGHTS AND SUNDAYS Camb. 3325-M

Compliments of the
Office Cat

Compliments of the

Senior Class















